The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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THE BOOKMAN ILLUSTRATED SPRING SUPPLEMENT.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The picture on our cover is one of Miss Eleanor Brickdale's illustrations in colour from "The Golden Book of Famous Women" (Hodder & Stoughton).

A book that is likely to rouse considerable controversy is the Memoirs of the ex-Crown Prince of Germany, which Mr. Thornton Butterworth will publish on May 6th. Naturally, the prince does not take the very unfavourable view of himself that is held by most people. He gives a frank account of events that led up to the war, and offers drastic criticism of the great personages of Germany and the rest of the world, including the ex-Kaiser. His references to King Edward are said to be uncommonly gracious and appreciative. He begins with stories of his childhood and military training, of the court and his father's entourage, and proceeds to unveil the truth as he sees it about the political intrigues and ambitions that led Germany into disaster, and about Germany's war blunders. Whatever feeling one may have toward the prince himself, his book should be worth reading as a confession of how the other side looks at its own doings.

On February 20th Mr. Cyril Scott played his Pianoforte Concerto in Vienna, the conductor being Nils Grevillius of Stockholm. The success of the performance may be gauged from the fact that the composer received five recalls. The musical critics were warmly appreciative in the Vienna newspapers. On March 15th Mr. Scott gave a pianoforte and vocal recital in the same city in conjunction with Madame Vera Maid-Tiller.

Mr. Gilbert Thomas asks us to point out an error of fact that crept inadvertently into his last month's article on "Alfred Noyes and 'The Torch-Bearers.'" In referring to the night Mr. Noyes spent on the Sierra Madre Mountains, when the first trial was made of the new 100-inch telescope, he

says that Mr. Noyes describes "the wonderful experience of that night, with its first discovery of a moon of Jupiter." A new moon of Jupiter was, in point of fact, discovered recently, but not on the occasion above mentioned. In fairness to Mr. Noyes, who has observed great accuracy in his poem, the writer of the article feels that this error on his own part should be pointed out.

Mr. Davidson Cook, one of our leading authorities on everything concerning Burns, has reprinted from the *Annual Burns Chronicle*, for 1922, his article on "Annotations of Scottish Songs by Burns" (Dumfries: Robert Dinwiddie). He rightly describes it as an essential supplement to the editorial work of Cromek and Dick. Cromek in his "Reliques of Robert Burns" reprinted a series of remarks on Scottish Songs and Ballads which he said existed in the handwriting of the poet; but in 1903 J. C. Dick, in his "Notes on Scottish Song by Robert Burns," after careful scrutiny of the source from which Cromek professed to have drawn, branded fifteen of Cromek's alleged comments by Burns as spurious and others as garbled. By a lucky chance, Mr. Cook has come across the original annotations in Burns's handwriting and here reprints them, with his own comments and an account of the discovery that enables him to establish Cromek's authenticity. The pamphlet clears up another mystery that has long baffled Burns students.

Among the new volumes just added to Messrs. Collins's tastefully produced Illustrated Pocket Classics series (2s. each) are Reade's "Foul Play," Mrs. Gaskell's "Sylvia's Lovers," Mrs. Henry Wood's "Roland Yorke," Fenimore Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans," and Cowden Clarke's "Tales from Chaucer."

Photo by Bertram Park.

The Baroness Orczy,

whose new novel, "Nicolette," Messrs. Hodder & Stcughton are publishing this month.

On the lines of his successful "Kipling's Sussex," Mr. Thurston Hopkins has written a volume on "Thomas Hardy's Dorset," which Mr. Cecil Palmer is publishing this month. It will be illustrated by Mr. E. Harries, and from photographs.

Under the editorship of Messrs. J. T. Grein, L. Dunton Green and Frank Rutter, the *Arts Gazette* has been revived, and the first number of the new series has just been published. Its aim is to deal fearlessly, as an independent critical journal, with the Fine Arts in all their branches.

Professor Charles Baudouin, whose "Suggestion and Autosuggestion" has reached its sixth impression, is writing another book, "Studies in Psychoanalysis," an account of twenty-seven concrete cases preceded by a theoretical exposition, which will be published shortly by Messrs. Allen & Unwin. The same firm has just issued "John Masefield: A Critical Study," by W. H. Hamilton.

The two first prizes in the Femina Vie Heureuse Competition have been awarded to "Dangerous Ages," by Rosa Macaulay, and "The Black Diamond," by F. Brett Young, both published by Messrs. Collins. The third prize was awarded to "Bliss," by Katherine Mansfield, which was published by Messrs. Constable.

"A Journey in Ireland, 1921," by Wilfrid Ewart, is due this month from Messrs. Putnams. Lord Winterton has written an Introduction for the book.

"French Folk: A Book for Vagabonds," by W. Branch Johnson, which Mr. Cecil Palmer is to publish, has an interesting story behind it.

Mr. Johnson was on the staff of the *Daily News* at Liverpool, and when that Northern office was closed down he found himself out of employment at a time when unemployment in the newspaper world was unusually widespread. Within three days, however, he and his wife were in France, where Mr. Johnson had found a temporary engagement at Nice. Provided only with army packs they both set out presently to work their way across the country to Biarritz and thence to Brittany, living throughout with the country folk and falling in with the strangest travelling companions, and it is the story of this journey and the happenings by the way that is unfolded in his book.

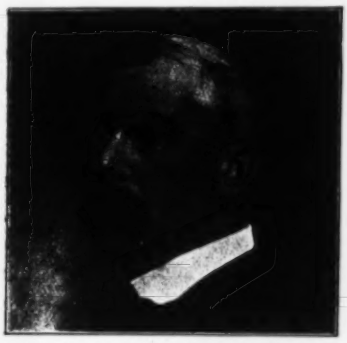

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Professor J. Arthur Thomson,**

who is editing "The Outline of Science: a Plain Story," which Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing in about twenty fortnightly parts.

Miss Marjorie L. C. Pickthall, whose new novel, "The Bridge," Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing, is a Londoner by birth, but went with her family to Canada at a very early age and lived and was educated at Toronto. Just before the war she came over to visit relations in England, and during the war worked here on the land and as a groom-gardener. Her first novel, "Little Hearts," was written in those years, and published in 1916 by Messrs. Methuen. She has published also two volumes of poems (a third is to make its appearance this year) and has become a very popular writer of short stories for the London and New York magazines. She unconsciously gathered material for "The Bridge" during two or three summers she spent on Toronto Island as a schoolgirl. "The life of the Great Lakes is very distinctive," she says, "with odd likenesses and unlikenesses to that of the sea, and I believe very little use of it has been made in fiction." In reviewing her recent play, "The Wood-Carver's Wife," Mr. Alfred Gordon, in the *Montreal Critic*, praises very highly its imaginative and dramatic qualities and finds that "here are united, as rarely, two qualities—the art of Christina Rossetti and the passion of Mrs. Browning."

One of the most popular of new novelists is Miss Joan Conquest, though her literary career only began two years ago, when Mr. Werner Laurie published her first novel, "Desert Love," which is now in its sixtieth thousand. Her second, "Leonie of the Jungle," is meeting with a similar success, and her third, "The Hawk of Egypt" (a sequel to "Desert Love") will be published this month. Her short stories now find acceptance everywhere. The first she wrote was sent to an editor who, in returning it, advised her to turn it into a novel, and "Desert Love" was the result. She lays her scenes principally in the East because she has spent much of her life in India and Egypt and has been a good deal in Africa. Miss Conquest speaks four languages, and has visited every country in Europe except the Balkan States. Incidentally, she is a fully qualified nursing sister and holds the Mons Star, of which she is justifiably proud. During the war she served as a nurse in Belgium, Russia, Poland, France, and among the many interesting people she met in those days were Nurse Cavell

Miss Marjorie Pickthall.

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Miss Joan Conquest.**

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and the Tsar. The story of her life throughout the war is given in her "My Experiences on Three Fronts," which was published by Mr. Fisher Unwin. She has done good work in the London slums, but neither of this nor of her war experiences is she easily persuaded to talk. Messrs. Macaulay are publishing her three novels in America, and Colonel Selig, of Los Angeles, has spent two years in filming "Desert Love," which is now to make its appearance as a cinema play.

Mr. F. Raymond Coulson.
From a drawing by Matt.

We regret to record the death, in his fifty-eighth year, of Mr. F. Raymond Coulson, a brilliant journalist and writer of humorous verse whose work, being mostly pseudonymous, is probably better known than himself. For the last twenty-seven years he was on the staff of the *Manchester Sunday Chronicle*, writing weekly notes and comments in prose and verse over the signature of "Vexatus," and, until recently, weekly cartoon verses that were signed "Democritus." He had a pungent, Gilbertian humour and several of his whimsical ballads and social satires have been immensely successful as recitations on concert platforms up and down the country. In very early days he contributed much to *Young Folks Paper* and other of the James Henderson periodicals and, warmly encouraged in the writing of fiction by G. A. Henty, wrote short stories for Henty's *Union Jack* and for several of the weeklies and monthlies. But when he joined the *Sunday Chronicle* staff journalism absorbed him, as it has absorbed many another. He published in later years two books of humorous verse, "A Jester's Jingles" (Skeffington) and "This Funny World" (Stanley Paul), which had a considerable sale and are still selling, and the best things in both cannot fail to win admission for him into all adequate anthologies of humorous poetry. His two sons, who more than inherited his literary gifts, were on active service during the Great War: the younger, Leslie Coulson, was killed in action, and his posthumous volume, "From an Outpost" (Erskine Macdonald) has ranked him with the few soldier-poets whose work will not fade with the memory of the war; the elder, Raymond A. Coulson, who has written some admirable short stories for the *Strand* and other magazines, is now Gallery Correspondent of the *Yorkshire Post*.

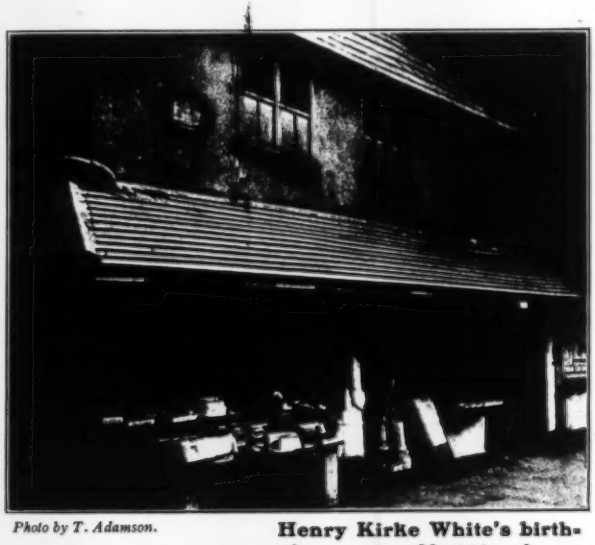

Photo by T. Adamson.

Henry Kirke White's birthplace, near Nottingham Market Place,
which will be demolished ere long. The site, together with much of the surrounding area, is to be sold to the highest bidder.

The two remaining volumes of "Mr. Punch's History of Modern England," by Charles L. Graves, have just been issued by Messrs. Cassell.

Mr. Leonard Parsons is publishing a new novel by Jeffery E. Jeffery called "Escape"—the story of how a middle-aged woman ultimately finds a way of escape from the thraldom in which civilised society exists.

The current issue of *The Beacon*, edited by E. R. Appleton (Oxford: Blackwell), contains "A Credo for the New Era," by Stephen Graham, articles on current topics by Hamilton Fyfe, Sydney Klein, H. Maynard Smith, and the first instalment of a narrative poem, "The Divine Tragedy," by A. St. John Adcock—a partly serious, partly satirical story of the second coming of Christ, which will be published in book form shortly by Messrs. Selwyn & Blount.

Mr. Frederick Niven, who is still sojourning in British Columbia and not beginning to think of coming home, has been writing a good many travel papers that have been appearing in the *Nation*, *Sphere*, *World's Work*, *Daily News*, and other periodicals, and has lately finished a new novel of the wildest Wild West type which is about to be published serially in the United States. He is already busy on another novel of a very different kind.

The success of his first book of recollections, "Memoirs of a Clubman," which is in its second edition here and selling largely in America, has led Mr. G. B. Burgin to follow it with a further volume, "More Memoirs and Some Travels," which Messrs. Hutchinson have just published. This is Mr. Burgin's sixty-fifth book. He has just signed contracts with Messrs. Hutchinson for three more novels, and confesses an ambition to bring his total up to a hundred.

Captain R. W. Campbell,

whose new novel, "The Amazing Schoolmaster," has just been published by Mr. Cecil Palmer.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Mr. King has now written many essays, but in "Below the Surface: Foot-notes to the Everyday" (6s.; John Lane) we perceive that he has not exhausted his store of wise and cheerful remarks on living. Take the little paper headed, "Hot-water-bottle Joys." It is true and excellent. He names among these delights the early cup of tea in bed, the reading of the newspaper immediately after breakfast, the cup of coffee after lunch; the happiness of a long winter evening over the fireside—with a book, a dog and "Thou" knitting—finishing with the "last smoke," the "last drink," and "that divine comfort whose shell is india-rubber and whose outer garment is generally red flannel." We have been pondering on the secret of Mr. King's success. We think it comes from his sincerity and fearlessness. And he is so admirably human.

That the marriage law has long been in need of reform is now pretty generally acknowledged, and in "Divorce—To-day and To-morrow" (6s.; Leonard Parsons) Mrs. Gasquoine Hartley has made a careful study of this important problem, and offers practical, well-reasoned suggestions towards its solution. Mrs. Hartley presents her case and marshals her arguments with great ability. After reading it, one can appreciate Lord Buckmaster's desire "to compel every member of the Cabinet to read this book and formulate his answers to it in writing."

"Tomfool's" sparkling verses are a much appreciated feature of the *Daily Herald*; caustic or sprightly, they are equally pungent, ingenious in rhyme and metre. All who like verse in which there is a depth of humour, not infrequently tinctured with satire, will find "Moonshine" (2s. 6d.; The Labour Publishing Company and Allen & Unwin) a breezy companion. The book is divided into three sections; the first, "A Miscellany," the second, "Tomfool's Silly Season," and the third, "Tomfool Abroad"; each containing many attractive contributions, a wholesome mingling of fun and wit, with a percentage of pathos thrown in. His "Newhaven and Dieppe (Modern Style)" is particularly amusing; also such droll absurdities as "Analysis of the Respective Merits of Spickness and Spanity," while "In a City Street" catches a graver mood. But grave or gay, "Tomfool" can turn a phrase neatly and with excellent effect, or drive home a subtle lesson in a few jocular lines.

"The Civil War in France" (3s.; Labour Publishing Company and Allen & Unwin) was written by Karl Marx immediately after the 1871 massacre of the Communists in Paris, and was worth reissuing, as Professor Postgate says in an introduction, both as a document of the time and as a sound historical record of facts. In telling the story of that ill-fated rising, Marx touches in some vivid, vitriolic sketches of Thiers, Jules Favre, Clement Thomas, Gallifet and other Republican leaders, that of Thiers being, as Professor Postgate says, a masterpiece of deadly accuracy and graphic bitterness. The two Manifestoes of the General Council of the International on the Franco-Prussian war, which are also included, are now reprinted in England for the first time, and form an illuminating preface to Marx's address on "The Civil War."

The thousands for whose uses it was written will find "The Rights of the Ex-Service Man and Woman," by Wilkinson Sherren (London: L. J. Gooding; 6d.) a very clear and helpful guide to all such matters as disablement pensions, allowances, grants, gratuities, rights of appeal, regulations as to medals, provisions for treatment and training, land settlement at home and overseas, and the hundred and one facts that ex-service men and women and their dependents ought to know. The information is well arranged and there is a good index. The book has an excellent introduction by the Right Hon. A. McCurdy.

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THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

H. M. TOMLINSON.

IT is more years ago than I care to remember since some writing acquaintance in a Fleet Street coffee-room (and *his* name I have clean forgotten) took me by the arm and assured me that I ought to meet Tomlinson. There he was, hovering about a chair at our table that had just been left empty. Seeing himself hailed as a friend he took it, and began telling us about the Amazon. Fresh from a tropical adventure of my own, I pricked up my ears and observed this Tomlinson narrowly, this modest stranger who talked well but rather hesitatingly, who, yellowed by months of fever and manifestly hard of hearing, thanks to heroic doses of quinine (I argued about the sense of that with him afterwards), bore about him the stigmata of an experience which had obviously been psychic even more than physical.

Afterwards I came to know him, I hope, very well. A day came when both of us toiled for a weekly wage in the service of the same editor, major and minor stars that twinkled to the best (I know) of our respective abilities, though the sparking process grew fitful and laborious whenever really alluring "stories" petered out, and our news editor turned to inquiries upon the incidence of exotic disease among the labouring classes. Researches into the diathesis of obscure and recondite ailments were a private vice of his.

I doubt if Tomlinson was ever really at his ease in that galley. He was far too good a man to be slogging his heart out in the drudgery of the slave's bench. No doubt he was aware of this himself, and the rest of us certainly knew it. Not that I suppose for a minute he bears his old taskmasters any grudge. Probably, on the contrary, he is grateful to them for giving him a chance that otherwise it is just possible he might have missed, though I think he would have found and taken it somehow, somewhere. However, that was the way of it.

For Tomlinson, you must know, Tomlinson of "The Sea and the Jungle," of "Old Junk," of "London River," of innumerable glowing pages in such few of our reviews as still strive to hold the lamp of Literature aloft, is not one of your fashionable knights errant of letters who descend upon London with the assurance born of a university education, influence in the right quarters, and a private allowance. Schooling of some sort I suppose came his way, but I know *where* he got it, and that was in Poplar. There is a record of his christening, I doubt not, in the church registers of the Tower Hamlets, and that shipping parish was his world until, at the age when little Tommy Trout is usually being removed by his fond parents from a preparatory school to take his chance in the Lower Third of one of our fine old Public Schools, you know, Tomlinson armed himself for the battle of life and walked straight into it. You see him installed as a very junior boy clerk in a Leadenhall Street shipping office about the age that Charles Dickens started pasting labels on pots of blacking. But you will observe that it was a shipping office. That was very significant. A good thing too in its way. Ships and the sea were an integral part of the family history. I will show you an interior:

"It was a front parlour in one of the streets with an Oriental name; which, I cannot be expected to remember, for when I was last in that room I was lifted to sit on one of its horsehair chairs, its seat like a hedgehog, and I was cautioned to sit still. It was rather a long drop to the floor from a chair for me in those days, and though sitting still was hard, sliding part of the way would have been much worse. . . . The room was always sombre. Light filtered into it through curtains of wire gauze, fixed in the window by mahogany frames. Over the door by which you entered was the picture of an uncle, too young and jolly for that serious position, I thought then, with his careless neckcloth, and his cap pulled down over one eye. The gilt moulding was gone from a corner of the picture—the only flaw in the prim apartment—for once that portrait fell to the floor, and on the very day, it was guessed, that his ship must have foundered.

"A round table set on a central thick leg having a three-clawed foot was in that chamber, covered with a cloth on which was worked a picture from the story of Ruth. But only puzzling bits of the latter were to be seen, for on the circumference of the table-cover were books, placed at precise intervals apart, and in the centre was a huge Bible, with a brass clasp. With many others my name was in the Bible, and my birthday, and a space left blank for the day of my death. . . . I remember a black sofa, which smelt of dust, an antimacassar over its head. That sofa would wake to squeak tales if I stood on it to inspect the model of a ship in yellow ivory, resting on a wall-bracket above. There were many old shells in the polished brass fender, some with thick orange lips and spotted backs; others were spirals of mother-o'-pearl, which took different colours for every way you held them. You could get the only sound in the room by putting the shells to your ear. Like the people of the portraits, it was impossible to believe the shells had ever lived. The inside of the grate was filled with white paper, and the trickles of fine black dust which rested in its crevices would start and run stealthily when people walked in the next room. Over the looking-glass there hung a pair of immense buffalo horns, with a piece of curly black hair dividing them, which looked like the skin of our retriever dog. Above the horns was the picture of 'The Famous Tea Clipper *Oberon*, setting her Studding Sails off the Lizard'; but so high was the print, and so faint—for the picture, too, was old—that some one grown up had to tell me all about it."—LONDON RIVER.

The job gave the boy at least the complete freedom of the docks, wherein much of his workaday life passed in the fetching and carrying of messages and documents, ships' manifests, bills of lading, and what not. The last and most glorious era of the windjammer had not passed. London's own superb fleet of wool clippers were still breaking records from Sydney Heads to the Channel. Queen of that covey, in the direct line with the ships of Drake, Hawkins and Frobisher, rode the incomparable *Cutty Sark*, bearing at her mizzen a golden rooster in proud token of her supremacy. On and around her and ships like her when they came into dock, pottered and dreamed a boy who was going to be a writer. He knew the spars and lines of all of them, he could even tell you whence they had come, whither they were going. One of these days he meant to be off and away down river in a real ship, himself.

You see him again, a boy no longer, but husband and father too, still at freight accounts, and marine insurance. He would write now of an evening. The local papers lapped the stuff up avidly, but were not in the habit of remunerating their chance contributors. Trembling for his effrontery, he flew at higher game. A real Fleet Street editor took an article, and actually paid for it. He took another, quite a number. A shy young man called upon him, mumbled something about a job. Being very well aware what he was about, the editor gave him one. I won't tell you what salary went with it. There was no N.U.J. in those days to make the lives of proprietors a burden to them with pestilential talk of a minimum living wage. Anyway, it was more than Leadenhall Street had to offer.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. H. M. Tomlinson.**

Six months as utility man in the reporters' room gave the new hand a host of strange and disturbing impressions, some of them worth having, some not. Came for the editor the task of detailing somebody for duty on the occasion of the Naval Manœuvres. Wonderful to relate, the lot fell upon the new hand. More wonderful still, few were found to question the rightness of the choice. "What about an evening dress suit out of this so-called salary of mine?" was all Tomlinson said. "Can it be done? I think not." "Put it down in the expenses," said the editor.

Tomlinson spent many years in that office. His first great adventure befell him there. Some jolly seafaring fellow announced boldly in the course of a lightning call upon his old intimate and crony that the job he had in hand this time was a queer start, and no mistake. Nothing less than to navigate a 3,000-ton tramp from Cardiff to Para, and thence 2,000 miles up the Amazon and Madeira to a place smack in the middle of the continent, in the very heart and centre of the world's greatest virgin forest. There was no precedent hitherto for any ocean-going craft attempting anything quite so utterly mad, but what odds?

Tomlinson listened, and mindful of his employer's interests produced a "story" something out of the common. The great chief pressed his diaphragm against the reporters' table the following afternoon and eyed, meditatively, one who toiled over the dissection of a blue-book. "Dashed good lie of yours that, this morning," was all he said. Lie, forsooth! The blue-book flew aside, and the operator developed an unaccustomed eloquence. Ten minutes later he descended into the street with a dazed sort of feeling. The impossible had happened. He was to go too, if the thing could be worked. It could, he knew it could.

That, briefly, is the genesis of "The Sea and the Jungle." Many other people, I am glad to say, share my opinion that it is a great book, after its kind a masterpiece. In its own way it made its author famous. There was a review, a most excellent review too, which I particularly remember in the *Westminster*. "Who *is* Tomlinson?" was the burden of its two columns of unadulterated eulogy. Under what bushel, hitherto, had this so rare light been hidden? Years afterwards I found out who wrote that notice. Run over our leading half-dozen of novelists, and you will have got him.

One wonders if the author of this classic of travel (for it is so, or will be, and for a tribute you may look up a certain dedication in a back number of Mr. Thomas Moult's "Voices") will ever go a-voyaging again on a quest quite so strange and far afield. One can hope so, but I rather doubt it. He was thirty-eight when it was published, and you can work out the rest for yourself. For the later Tomlinson is a little different somehow, more philosophic certainly, and I apprehend less deliberately adventurous. And he has work to do at home. We know him now as an old stager among the editors of the *Nation*, a round peg in a hole that fits him to a nicety. There he sits and fights weekly for things that you and I know are worth fighting for. "The Sea and the Jungle" ante-dates the war by years, and its author was in the war, very much so. His dispatches were about the only ones, in my estimation, that told the truth, and I have at least a right to an opinion on that. Not that they found favour among the brass hats. Far from it, I should say. When the tumult and the shouting died and they dished out the K.B.E.'s, there was none for Tomlinson. That was only right. Heaven knows what he would have done with it.

We have had, in certain of the later sketches of "Old Junk," some of the fruits of that experience, and more are to come. Messrs. Cassell announce "Waiting for Daylight," to be published immediately. That title will sound vaguely disconcerting to the good easy folk who are busy adjuring all the men who came back that the war was an incident to which too much importance has been attached already, and that "As you were" is a watchword not only practicable but highly politic. I wonder what the stay-at-homes who slated Mr. Montague's "Disenchantment" will have to say about this new disturber of the peace. Waiting for daylight, is it? Ah, well!

ASHLEY GIBSON.

THE READER.

SIR ARTHUR PINERO—AND THE FAIRIES.

By S. R. Littlewood.

IT has often been an arguable proposition that great deficiencies have helped to make great men. If Darwin had been able to appreciate Shakespeare, or Burns had had more moral stamina, how much we should have missed! The theory has, anyhow, some bearing upon Sir Arthur Pinero, whose fantastic comedy, "The Enchanted Cottage" at the Duke of York's, would have been in any case—if only because he wrote it—one of the "events of the season." All through his career—in sentiment, in farce, in problem-play—Sir Arthur's outlook has betrayed certain fixed bounds. It would be wrong to say that he has no imagination; but his creative powers, exploited with infinite adroitness, have always been practically dependent upon a notebook and the theatre. Even in his greatest plays one searches in vain for ideals and adventures of thought beyond his own realm of finely-observed character and skilfully-elaborated theatrical technique. This has done very much, after all, to make him a master-craftsman of the stage. With all his gifts of wit, industry, patience, ingenuity, perception and knowledge of men and women, Sir Arthur Pinero has, from the beginning, been of the world, worldly. He has had no message to bring from otherwhere—no vestige of symbolism, or even of the translucent irony that sometimes takes its place. He is more exclusively mundane than Molière himself. Partly for this reason his characters—truly studied as they so often are—have been able to thrive as they have in the dry light of the stage. They come from a hard-outlined, dreamless, extremely limited kindred world of observed fact and human nature, represented at one period, as we so well remember, by that "little parish of St. James" of Sir Arthur's own definition.

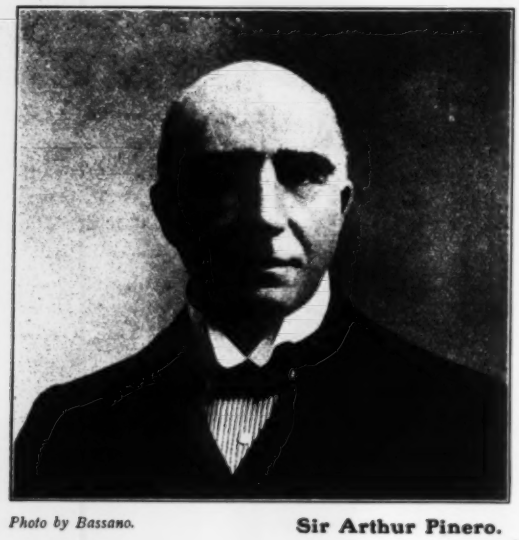

Photo by Bassano. **Sir Arthur Pinero.**

All this makes even more surprising the arrival of "The Enchanted Cottage." Especially so when one remembers that Sir Arthur may, at any moment now, in his own phrase, "find himself described as a veteran"—for his sixty-eighth birthday will be arriving before May is out. It is of course overwhelmingly obvious that, in what may be without discourtesy called his old age, Sir Arthur has boldly taken a leaf—if not a whole chapter—out of the book of his younger friend and confrère, Sir James Barrie. The extent of the debt would be hardly believable if one had not the evidence of the play itself. "The Enchanted Cottage" is not only a fairy-play, searching in almost every scene for "the Barrie vein." Sir Arthur has used the actual mechanical devices of the Duke of York's stage, such as the twinkling lights in the background, which were invented expressly for "Peter Pan"; and he has cast Miss Jean Cadell for a wild-eyed housekeeper, almost exactly after the manner of the part she played so memorably in Sir James Barrie's "Mary Rose." There have been efforts on the part of some critics to maintain that "The Enchanted Cottage" does not represent Sir Arthur's first excursion into fantasy. It has been suggested that he anticipated "The Enchanted Cottage" in "The Beauty Stone," in "The Freaks," and in "The Widow of Wastdale Head." It happens, however, that each of those plays was a failure, and I do not see the remotest connection between either them or that still delightful and brilliant farce, "The Amazons," and Sir James Barrie's "Celtic magic," which "The Enchanted Cottage" undoubtedly tries to emulate. For the truth has to be told, that from the Barriesque point of view, "The Enchanted Cottage" is a disappointment. One does not find in it the fresh and inexplicable imaginings that Barrie's genius achieves.

Almost everything in "The Enchanted Cottage" seems to have been borrowed from somewhere. To begin with, there is the old fairy story of "Riquet of the Tuft"—how the ugliest man and the stupidest woman fell in love with each other, and how immediately he was transformed into a handsome young prince, and she into a miracle of wit and wisdom. Old Perrault, one may recall, in that piquant little moral of his, suggests that there had really been no change; for all are lovely to those who love. Broadly speaking, "The Enchanted Cottage" is just another version of that oft-dramatised old fable, with a modern after-the-war setting, and a dream-ballet thrown in. Although the atmosphere and craft of the theatre replaces real fairy imagination, it is none the less an entertaining and largely sincere piece of human moralising. With all its faults, it is certainly a far better piece of work than "The Freaks"; or "The Mind-the-Paint Girl," or "Preserving Mr. Panmure," or "The Big Drum," or anything that Sir Arthur has written since his last really good play, "Mid-Channel." Indeed, so many clever touches are there—in the human part of it—

Photo by Stage Photo Co. **"You may kiss me."**

Mr. Owen Nares and Miss Laura Cowie in the Dream Scene—Act II in "The Enchanted Cottage," at the Duke of York's Theatre.

that one only wished Sir Arthur had not challenged a domain of art for which his very great talent and force of will are not—and, as we have seen, have never shown any sign of being—quite suited. He should have kept off the fairies!

In point of fact, the fairies and the dream-ballet with which they are intermingled, and the "nuptial-sleep" tableau, are not at all necessary to Sir Arthur's main theme. The one important thing is that Oliver and Laura—crippled ex-officer and village drudge, who had married for companionship's sake—should appear beautiful to each other, and that Oliver's blind comrade, Major Hillgrove, and the housekeeper should foster their illusion. The whole thing is a human fable, perfectly true and understandable, and needs no "trimmings." The ballet, good enough in itself, is meaningless. Roughly, whether we get at them through mythology or no, fairies must represent either nature spirits (which include the classic gods grown old) or departed human spirits, both of them presumed to have some control over human affairs, or—and these are the latest and, possibly, the truest fairies of any—our own ideals of ourselves, controlling us by the spark of good (or bad) that is in us all. Neither of these notions, however, explains the fairies of "The Enchanted Cottage." These gnomes and cherubs and "Macbeth" witches are a mere hugger-mugger, cancelling each other—if one is to judge by their traditional powers. They are the fairies of the theatre and of pantomime, borrowed to make an interlude which the play does not call for.

On the human side, however, it is only fair to notice how many good things there are in "The Enchanted Cottage." There is the blind major, for instance (so beautifully played by Mr. Nicholas Hannen) for whom the happy resignation of Oliver and Laura brings no hope of the miracle he had fancied possible for himself. He is a new creation, nobly inspired by the realities of St. Dunstan's, and most tenderly and understandingly treated by Sir Arthur Pinero. There is, too, the very bright comedy talk of Oliver's stepmother, though one would like to forget Sir Arthur's jokes over the prospective motherhood of the parson's wife. What memories the reappearance of Miss Winifred Emery brought to those of us who remember her last "Pinero" part twenty-seven years ago, as Theo in "The Benefit of the Doubt"—a better play, by the way, than its fortunes have suggested. If I mistake not, it has never been honoured with a single revival!

Somehow or other, even the faults of "The Enchanted Cottage" have made me feel what an admirable thing it would be—in these days of "cycles"—if some enterprising manager could, in fairness to its author, give us a "cycle" of Pinero! As I have hinted, the more one recognises Sir Arthur's limitations, the greater becomes one's sense of his achievement. With an imagination that has never (since "The Squire" brought "the scent of the hay over the footlights" at the St. James's forty-one years ago) strayed far from the stage-door, with no reforming ardour, and no idealised passion, Sir Arthur has none the less managed to bring to the theatre an amazing wealth of genuine character in his men and women. They can claim, even now, more varied life than the creations of any other living dramatist. Unless his perfecting of farce as an art-form in the old Court masterpieces—"The Magistrate," "Dandy Dick," and the others—be held to register a patent, Sir Arthur cannot be said to have invented a single type of play. His sentimental comedy, from "Sweet

Photo by Stage Photo Co. **Mrs. Bashforth: "Hark!" Oliver: "The Mater and the Step."**

Mr. Owen Nares and Miss Laura Cowie (as Mr. and Mrs. Bashforth)—Act III in "The Enchanted Cottage."

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Lavender" to "Trelawny of 'The Wells'," came straight from Robertson. "The Profligate" and "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" would probably never have been written if there had been no Dumas fils and no Ibsen. "Iris," to me his finest feminine study—was a logical extension. The delicate, artificial sententiousness of "The Princess and the Butterfly" reminds one irresistibly of Wilde. None the less it remains true that no contemporary dramatist, either Continental or English, has brought so many utterly contrasted modes to such a pitch of accomplishment. Then we have the unmatched technique of "The Gay Lord Quex," the brilliantly-explored human nature—sordid human nature though it was—of "His House in Order" and "Mid-Channel." At all points Sir Arthur is armed against the charge, justly levelled at Sardou, of having allowed construction to govern the development of character. Even where purpose and plot are alike borrowed, his men and women live.

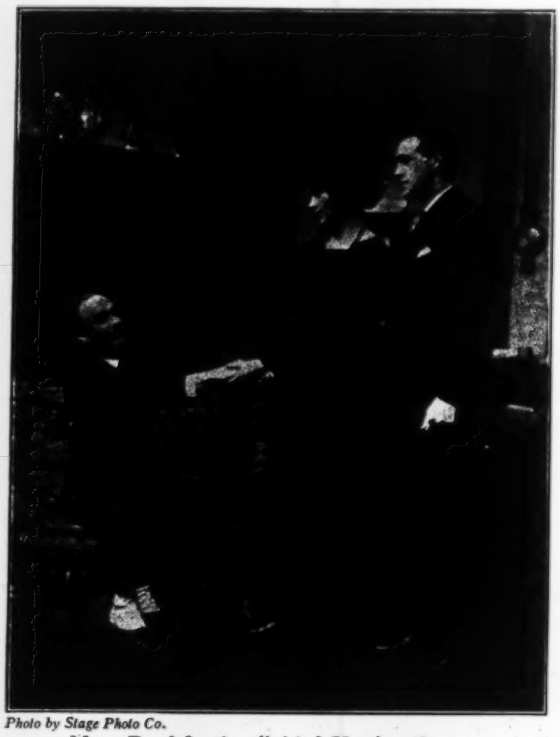

Photo by Stage Photo Co.

Mrs. Bashforth: "Ah! You're the sweetest person in the world, Major Hillgrove!"

Mr. Nicolas Hannen as Major Hillgrove; Miss Laura Cowie as Mrs. Bashforth; and Mr. Owen Nares as Oliver Bashforth—Act III in "The Enchanted Cottage."

So there must be a real Pinero somewhere; but behind all that motley array of garnered themes and people, how difficult he is to find! Was there ever dramatist whose work was so completely without a key to his own character? It has been suggested that the Pinero plays prove their author to have "dearly loved a lord." A possibility must, however, be allowed that the peerage element is little more than a technical excuse for leisure, fine dresses and a distinguished audience. There is very little "dukery" about the farces. As a prophet Sir Arthur can hardly count. A playwright of undoubted strength of will who can consent to reverse the moral of a play completely for supposed expediency's sake, as Sir Arthur did with "The Profligate" and "The Big Drum," may be a philosopher in deed, but can never hope to pose as a prophet in word. In short, take away the stage-craft, the observed character, the borrowed aims and styles, and there remains of personal expression practically nothing, save a certain trend of interest towards old rakes and detrimental ladies. Yet how surely it lives, that "little parish of St. James's"—even though one has to agree that it is no place for the fairies!

CHRISTOPHER SMART.

By Francis Bickley.

THERE is perhaps no other poet whose fame rests so entirely on a single poem as does that of Christopher Smart on the "Song to David." By virtue of that remarkable work he has been placed, by one far greater than himself, on a pedestal in the temple of the imagination between Milton and Keats; without it, there can be little doubt that he would ere this have been utterly forgotten. Certainly we should not be troubling to notice his bi-centenary.

Yet in the course of the life which began on April 11th, 1722, and ended, after many miseries, forty-nine years later, Smart wrote much verse besides the "Song," and not all of it is negligible. He began early, and at school was already noted for his easy gift of rhyme. At Cambridge he versified not only in the vulgar tongue but in Latin, and in a version of Pope's "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day" the sensitive bard of Twit'nam "could see little or nothing to alter, it is so exact."

His English muse ranged "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." He wrote pastorals and epigrams, epistles, odes and fables—all the orthodox varieties into which the poetry of the period fell. A comedy called "A Trip to Cambridge" was performed in the hall of his college, Pembroke, but only some songs from it have been preserved; and for four years out of five he won the Seatonian prize for religious poetry. Prize poems are not usually built for immortality, and Smart's are no exception, but some of his shorter pieces are at any rate polished and pleasant. He had a turn for neat phrasing:

> "Sister of peace and indolence,
> Bring, Muse, bring numbers soft and slow,
> Elaborately void of sense,
> And sweetly thoughtless let them flow."

At times he achieved an effect of genuine freshness and simplicity:

> "Now the rural graces three
> Dance beneath yon maple tree;
> First the vestal Virtue, known
> By her adamantine zone;
> Next to her in rosy pride,
> Sweet Society the bride;
> Last Honesty, full seemly drest
> In her cleanly home-spun vest."

Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Sir Arthur Pinero.

And ever and again one gets a hint of the magic of his masterpiece:

> "Moon and star of mystic dance,
> Silv'ring in the blue expanse."

Smart's academic career was not undistinguished; he became a fellow of Pembroke in 1745, and held various college appointments; but he was equally notable for the irregularities of his life. Gray opined that he would find his way either to gaol or to Bedlam. Before the end, he had made acquaintance with both.

His first mental breakdown occurred in 1751, when he developed a form of religious mania which impelled him to pray aloud and continuously at all seasons and in all places—an eccentricity which, in the view of Dr. Johnson, who liked Smart, was "not noxious to society." His seclusion was brief, and shortly after his release he was introduced to Newbery the bookseller, with whom he established a connection both professional and domestic; marrying his stepdaughter and contributing to the not very high-class periodicals which he published.

His marriage, though concealed for a time, eventually lost Smart his fellowship; and thence onward his story is the common and uninspiring one of the Grub Street hack, made the gloomier by his intemperate habits and the shadow of insanity in which he moved. His literary output was constant. A quarrel with the notorious "Sir" John Hill, pamphleteer and quack doctor, was the occasion of the "Hilliad," a satire which at least has the merit of pungency; he translated Horace into prose and Phædrus and the Psalms into verse; and, apparently during his second visit to Bedlam in 1763, he wrote the "Song to David."

But neither hack journalism nor high poetry, nor the kindness of friends such as Dr. Burney, who opened his purse, and Garrick, who gave him a benefit at Drury Lane, availed to keep the unfortunate man's head above water. About 1769 he was thrown into the King's Bench prison for debt, and he was still confined to the "rules" when he died on May 21st, 1771.

Twenty years later a collection of his poems was published, but the "Song to David" was omitted as affording too many "melancholy proofs of the estrangement of Smart's mind." Yet this same poem was considered by Browning, who thought Smart of sufficient importance in his day to be parleyed with, to give its author a place beside those very sane poets Keats and Milton, and described by Rossetti as the "only great *accomplished* poem of the eighteenth century." Such enthusiasm, prompted by the romantic contempt for the correct and the polite, overshot the mark, and there was at least a grain of truth in the narrow eighteenth-century point of view. If not the work of an insane mind, the poem was certainly the work of a mind imperfectly balanced; and it bears the signs not of an alcoholic but of a spiritual intoxication, which is the source both of its greatness and of its weakness. It may be supposed, indeed it can hardly be doubted, that Smart wrote it in one white heat of ecstasy—within measurable distance of the border line over which he had toppled into Bedlam—and that he neither paused to consider minutiæ of syntax or meaning, nor subjected the finished work to revision. Hence certain obscurities and perilous approximations to the absurd, which constitute real blemishes. Hence, too, the poem's greatness, which consists partly in the splendour and colour of imagery and epithet, but still more in the fact that the effect of ecstasy is not only sustained but grows stronger and stronger to the end: so that the whole has a harmony which transcends the beauties, and goes far to nullify the blemishes, of its detail. For this reason it is a poem of which the peculiar virtue cannot be conveyed by fragmentary quotation: it must be read through—and read at the headlong pace at which it seems to have been written—if its enraptured, sumptuous and surprising music is to be properly savoured.

J. C. SNAITH.*

By W. M. PARKER.

WHEN fiction readers focus their attention upon a particular present-day novelist whom they favour, they generally determine to read each novel as it appears and expect from it the same familiar features they have recognised in his former productions. If he should choose to stray, but for a space, into a strange and unaccustomed region, his readers become disgruntled. From any one of Mr. John Collis Snaith's novels a new experience may be expected. His works are not merely a succession of variations on the same theme, but successive themes of infinite variety. Unlike history, the author seldom, if ever, repeats himself. In one book he gives us romantic comedy ("Lady Barbarity"[1]); in another, comedy of manners ("Araminta" or "Broke of Covenden"); at one time it is comedy of adventure ("The Great Age"); again it may be realistic comedy ("The Sailor"), or pathetic comedy ("Love Lane"); or, as in his latest, downright melodrama. With the exception of the last named, the only repeated element is that of comedy. This dominant note of the comic sounds continuously through all the variety of Mr. Snaith's works.

Like a true artist, Mr. Snaith is reticent about the personal side of his career, and prefers to leave his work to represent what he is. If you talk to him of the man behind the books, you will learn little more than that he is of Yorkshire extraction. "I began writing novels as a boy," he told me, "mainly the result of a broken leg playing football." Though he was engaged upon good prentice work for some years, he made what he considers his "real start" with "Broke of Covenden," the brilliance and high promise of which were promptly recognised by all critics who know fine work when they see it.

* "Broke of Covenden." (Constable.)—"Araminta." (Smith, Elder and Hodder & Stoughton.)—"The Principal Girl." (Methuen.)—"The Great Age" and "An Affair of State." (Hutchinson and Methuen.)—"The Sailor." (Smith, Elder and Nelson.)—"Love Lane." (Collins.)

[1] A stage version of this novel by Mr. R. C. Carton was presented by the late Charles Frohman at the Comedy Theatre in 1907, with Miss Marie Tempest in the name part.

He made his first popular hit with "Araminta," which was recently dramatised and called "Araminta Arrives,"[2] but readers, who by that time had taken the heroine to their hearts, knew she had very definitely arrived twelve years before. Why, eccentric old Lady Caroline Crewkerne, in the book, knew that—to her cost; the sententious Lord Cheriton, also in the book, knew it too, and adapted himself to the situation with becoming equanimity, all things considered. What could afford better comedy than the interplay of characters the author here sets going? The impossible Lady Crewkerne, with her imperative commands such as "Don't be a coxcomb, Cheriton," and the raw, awkward, West Country rustic beauty, Araminta Perry, for ever drawling out her stereotyped phrase: "My name is Araminta, but they call me Goose because I am *rather* a Sil-lay"—they are wonderful creations! And observe the well-aimed parting shot of satire, suggesting that even in the best of all possible worlds, "It is only the Caroline Crewkernes who are infallible."

Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Mr. J. C. Snaith.

Mr. Snaith reaches a very high-water mark indeed in his *chef d'œuvre*, "Broke of Covenden," a penetrating analysis of the feudal attitude assisted by a Meredithian Comic Spirit that offers a running commentary as the novel unfolds itself. I consider "Broke" a masterpiece of its kind; nay, I go so far as to pronounce it the most remarkable comedy in narrative since "The Egoist." From the first page to the last the illusion that this comedy is being played out upon an imaginary stage has been kept steadily in view. The subtle preface which, though longer, approximates to the prelude of "The Egoist," serves as a prologue before the drop curtain, as it were, and introduces us to the original inspirer of the theme—the God of Irony. Debrett is the God of Irony's "favourite work of English fiction." The subject chosen is an Englishman of the present time—"English of the English"—"a latter-day Don Quixote, who has all the pathos of the commonplace." Broke himself stands for uncompromising aristocratic pride, obsessed by the traditional conventions attached to the feudal point of view. The personality of his wife is even more frigid, her superb disciplinarianism only mitigated by an "animated serenity." Set in effective contrast to the parents, sharing equal position as protagonists, are their six daughters—girls, all of them alike, with preposterous noses, shabby clothes, and plain looks, but in general appearance beautifully clean and healthy. Delia, the youngest, proves a most lovable figure, submissive to the antagonism of her five sisters, headed by the assertive Joan. Comedy is given fullest vent whenever Lord and Lady Bosket (Uncle Charles and Aunt Emma) hold the scene. The entire novel shows mature power, and the atmosphere throughout is charged with the laughter of the Olympian gods. The end is deftly rounded off in the last paragraph: "The curtain was rung down; and the God of Irony . . . leant forward in his box to bow his acknowledgments. Again and again he deferred to the applause that was showered upon him from every part of the Olympian Theatre. For all concerned the evening had been a great success." Of Mr. Snaith's part in the performance I would add, in words culled from his preface, that "Like a French playwright, he has the gift of doing inimitably roguish things with the commonplace." Than "Broke of Covenden" he has written nothing more distinguished, more nearly unique.

The three novels that immediately follow in my present survey are frankly disappointing—"The Principal Girl" (the weakest of them), "The Great Age" (introducing Shakespeare; an ambitious venture beyond successful realisation), and "An Affair of State"[3] (hampered by a too intricate and unattractive plot). But "The Sailor" brings Mr. Snaith into a worthier place again. Here he encroaches on realism, but a fund of comedy lightens the rather tragic import of the story. "Love Lane," of three years later, pictures Blackhampton during the war. Though William Hollis be accepted as the nominal hero, his father-in-law, the great Josiah Munt, dominates the pages. At every point Mr. Snaith reveals himself a delicate artist, an adroit craftsman. Tricky situations are handled with a precision of touch, firm but unforced. Few, if any, war novels have been treated with such artistic restraint and sincere, tender emotion.

If it be not something like a paradox to speak of credible melodrama, one may reckon Mr. Snaith has achieved a convincing "thriller" in his latest novel.[4] Seven men of different nationalities vow they will do all they can to destroy political and financial magnates, whose ambition it is to grow more powerful and wealthy by encouraging wars. Saul Hartz, "the Colossus," the greatest newspaper magnate in the world, is an unscrupulous, lying blackguard. His motives are for ever questionable. To promote further his own inexhaustible and ruthless ambition, this arch-fiend thinks nothing of embroiling nations and society at

[2] This was a collaboration with Miss Dorothy Brandon, produced last year at the Comedy Theatre by Mr. Leon M. Lion, with Lady Tree as the Countess of Crewkerne.

[3] Last year at the Globe Theatre Miss Marie Löhr produced a stage version of this novel, in which Mr. Snaith collaborated with Mr. H. A. Vachell.

[4] "The Council of Seven." 7s. 6d. net. (Collins.)

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large in perpetual strife. Moreover, he does all in his power to ruin the ascending career of John Endor, M.P. for East Blackhampton, and, in addition, endeavours to snatch from Endor that man's fiancée, Helen Sholto, who has been one of Hartz's private secretaries. He receives due warning from the secret society of seven that he must retire from journalism, or he must die. To meet the crisis, this Antichrist tries to put off the "seven" by bluff, but his bluff fails. The Council of Seven thereupon employ a deadly poison which, if placed near the spine, will kill its victim instantaneously, without leaving a trace of the deed. It falls to Endor's lot to carry out the murder. This brilliant politician's ideal is a world-peace, but he finds it difficult to adhere to such an ideal when called upon to commit a crime, even against so great an enemy as Hartz. What resulted must be left for those who would read the story to find out.

In this book we visit the Blackhampton[5] community under a changed guise, due to the rise in power and influence of the Universal Press. Our friend, Mr. Josiah Munt, of "Love Lane," makes a welcome reappearance as *Sir* Josiah Munt, still the honest, straightforward man who speaks his mind. As already indicated, with every successive work by Mr. Snaith you turn one more corner of his irregular thoroughfare, and come upon the unexpected. In "The Council of Seven" he springs yet another surprise on us, for he has managed to drive melodrama and reality in double harness, and make out of the combination an unmistakable "thriller." To a versatile artist like Mr. Snaith all things in fiction seem possible, and this novel would appear to endorse that view, but, in spite of its cleverness and melodramatic interest, one hopes the author may, in future, do more work of distinction that will rank with "Broke of Covenden" or "Araminta."

Mr. Snaith is a little cynical in his views on present-day fiction and fiction writers. "I think," he says, "the general standard is higher than ever it was. Technique, as opposed to 'style,' that fetish of the nineties, is more studied and better understood. It has no meaning, however, for the large public and the average reviewer. Taste does not improve; and if the fairy godmother of the ambitious young beginner 'Miss Roedean' has not given her the herd-mind she will not be able to keep a Rolls-Royce. If she has been given the herd-mind, and she can learn to mingle a little indecency with its abysmal dullness and lack of distinction, she may be able to keep several. Women claim nowadays to write better novels than men. The best women writers do certainly write extremely well. America, I see, claims to be getting ahead of England in the art of novel writing. There is some warrant, I think, for both these contentions, inasmuch that I believe the American writer, Edith Wharton, to be the most completely accomplished novelist at present using the English language, though her last published novel, 'The Age of Innocence,' is not quite at her highest level.

"If I dared enter the region of prophecy," he remarked finally, "I would say the one among all the novels published at the beginning of this century that will surely be read at its end is the immortal 'Irish R.M.,' by Martin Ross and Edith Somerville, two women of true genius. I have also a great admiration for the short stories of Katherine Mansfield, another woman of genius. Our foremost English novelist I take to be John Galsworthy. His magnificent 'To Let' is the diploma piece of a master."

That Mr. Snaith rarely sails twice under the same flag is a fact I have sought to emphasise. Perhaps such novel readers as those to whom I referred at the beginning consider this fact an unfair trick played upon them. Be that as it may, it is true we cannot say any one of his novels represents the Snaith idiom, because it will be found to differ from the rest as chalk differs from cheese. The reason lies in his versatility, which is ever ready to hand as he turns to a new subject, another atmosphere and fresh characters. Somewhat like the chameleon, Mr. Snaith adopts, from his varied assortment of tints, the colour that will best harmonise with the medium upon which he temporarily works. His literary career now extends over a period of some twenty years, with about as many novels standing to his credit, and even yet, I venture to think, he has not received that full and wide recognition which is assuredly his due.

[5] Blackhampton frequently figures in the later novels. For the satisfaction of readers who, like myself, have tried to identify it with a certain place in the Midlands, I may state that Blackhampton is no place in particular. I have it from Mr. Snaith that it is "a sort of composite of the industrial Midlands and North, which seem to breed a type of racy, pushful, aggressively 'horse-sensical' people, quite distinct from the more urbane and civilised South."

HOW NOVELISTS DRAW THEIR CHARACTERS.

BY SIR GILBERT PARKER, CHARLES MARRIOTT, FRANK SWINNERTON, MRS. ALICE PERRIN, ARCHIBALD MARSHALL, KATHLYN RHODES, J. STORER CLOUSTON, E. F. BENSON, HUGH WALPOLE, "GEORGE COLMORE" AND H. DE VERE STACPOOLE.

The three questions are (1) Do you generally draw your characters from models in real life? (2) Do characters so drawn seem more real in the story, or to yourself, than those that are purely imaginary? (3) Which is your own favourite among all the characters in your books?

SIR GILBERT PARKER:

(1) No, I do not *always* model my characters on definite living models, but every book I have written has been founded on the real life of some one that I knew. For instance, Charley Steele was a real man, and lived and died as I described in the earlier part of "The Right of Way," and was drowned. I kept him alive and made him a tailor.

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Sir Gilbert Parker.**

Pierre in "Pierre and His People" was drawn from life, and so were many principal characters in all my books, even the historical novels. Sometimes one adds to or takes away from the original model, but *generally* adds to the original.

(2) No, I don't think the characters modelled on actual persons seem more real, for if an author loves his work, his characters become *real* to him.

(3) I cannot say which is my favourite character in my books.

GILBERT PARKER.

MR. CHARLES MARRIOTT:

I will confess that I find your questions difficult to answer definitely, but I will do my best.

(1) Though I do not, as a rule, model my characters, knowingly, from life, I often find afterwards that I have done so to a certain extent. People come to me and say, "That is So-and-so"; and then I am compelled to recognise that So-and-so must have been at the back of my mind. Now and then I have, deliberately, modelled a minor character from life; but the result has never seemed to me satisfactory. Owing to the absence of the "context" of real life—which could not be given for obvious reasons—such a character is apt to "stick out"; not by superior reality, but by a different *kind* of reality—like that of a photographic head in a painted design.

Photo by E.O. Hoppé. **Mr. Charles Marriott.**

(2) The answer to this is really involved in the above. One way of putting it would be to say that the character modelled from life seems more accurate, while the imaginary character seems more true. But, indeed, I can hardly think of an individual character away from the group in which he or she was conceived—with all the relations which go to make up reality. If I cut a figure out of a painted group, it wouldn't seem to me real, and it is the same in fiction.

(3) Here I have to distinguish between liking a character for its own sake and for the way it is done. Then again my affection for my characters varies with my mood—as it does for real people. Most of the time, however, I like Hilda Saintsbury in "The Dewpond," Mr. Kenwyn Brown in "Now," Mary Festing in "The Catfish," Mr. Belsire in "Davenport," and Ruth in "The Unpetitioned Heavens." If I had to stick to one, I think it would be Ruth.

CHARLES MARRIOTT.

MR. FRANK SWINNERTON:

(1) I have only three times used living models. First, an eccentric person in "The Young Idea" called Gaffrum; second, a sketch of my wife in a passing phase; third (Sally Minto), a girl I saw only once, and to whom I never spoke.

(2) Satisfactory portraiture in fiction seems to me impossible. One knows too many conflicting things about any friend to be able to select among these traits exactly the ones which in a book make a character consistent and therefore convincing.

Photo by Dorothy Hicking. **Mr. Frank Swinnerton.**

(3) My favourite character is a little girl called "Edie," in "The Happy Family," because she amuses me. For the same reason I also like Barbara Gretton, in "On the Staircase."

FRANK SWINNERTON.

MRS. ALICE PERRIN:

I do not consciously draw the characters in my novels from definite living models. That, it seems to me, would savour of photography, besides being highly dangerous. But I confess I am influenced by types, and while I endeavour to create as far as possible, I think a character taken from a definite type does tend to materialise in my mind more readily than one that is purely imaginary.

Photo by Molly Russell. **Mrs. Alice Perrin.**

Of all the leading characters in my eighteen novels I feel the most affection for Noel Stanford, the central figure in my forthcoming book, "The Mound," because though anything but a hero, faulty, easily tempted, selfish, he got beyond my control and, despite his weaknesses, "won through" in face of trial and discouragement.

ALICE PERRIN.

MR. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL:

(1) No.

(2) I do not see how characters modelled on actual persons can be so real in a novel as those whom the novelist creates for himself. His own characters have a life which is deeper and wider than its outward significance. If he tries to create that life for actual characters he is dealing with something that he cannot really know about, and to the extent to which he carries his invention he is getting farther away from his model, and no longer merely representing.

Photo by T. Fox. **Mr. Archibald Marshall.**

(3) The Squire in the Clinton stories; because, although I cannot trace him to even a seed of actuality, he seems to me to be a real person, who develops consistently, though sometimes unexpectedly, throughout the years in which I have carried on his story. Also because I have been able to see him in the light of humour. The Squire is the character with whom I have done most, but I have favourites among the minor characters in my novels, particularly among the children: the Clinton twins; Barbara and Young George and Jimmy in "Abington Abbey" and "The Graftons"; Jane and Pobbles in "Sir Harry"; and Audacious Ann in the story of that name.

ARCHIBALD MARSHALL.

MISS KATHLYN RHODES:

In answer to the question in your letter respecting living models for the characters in my books, I have only once taken a character bodily from what is strangely designated "real" life; and in that instance a well-known critic, discussing the book, said to me: "It's a good enough story, but So-and-So is quite impossible. One would never meet anyone in the least like him—a most exaggerated character!" And I had prided myself on the fidelity of the portrait!

Miss Kathlyn Rhodes.

But I have had the odd experience of inventing a character, and meeting it—or her—in the flesh later. The rather quaint small girl Cherry in "Afterwards" was created by me just six months before I met real Cherry in the person of the little daughter of the matron at a war hospital in which I worked as secretary. So striking was the similarity, even to the uncommon name, that every one in the hospital who read the book "recognised" the "portrait."

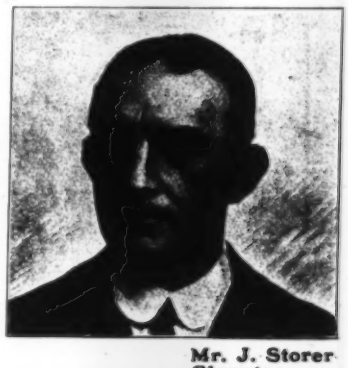
My favourite character, if I have one, is Dr. Lassen in "The Will of Allah." He was always rather attractive to me, and I was quite sorry to have to drown him—a grief shared apparently by an unknown reader who wrote expressing her regret that Dr. Lassen was drowned, as now he could appear in no more stories of mine.

KATHLYN RHODES.

MR. J. STORER CLOUSTON:

In reply to your inquiries, I should say:

(1) The real question seems to me to be—Does an author consciously or unconsciously use living models? Having only lived on this planet, and knowing only the human beings who inhabit it, even his most imaginative conceptions must be founded on some experience of some one he has met, however unconscious he be of using a model. But deliberately to take the character of his acquaintance, A. B., and try to put him into a book, is a different matter. Personally, I never consciously use living models as they stand, though I often consciously take a hint from one.



Mr. J. Storer Clouston.

(2) That being so, this question doesn't arise.

(3) This is a bit of a poser. The difficulty is in the

first place to remember all one's trespasses, and then to recall what characters were in them. One would need to be shut up with one's own works for a month, and what author would survive that? Speaking off-hand, I should select Mr. Mandell-Essington, *alias* Bunker.

J. STORER CLOUSTON.

MR. E. F. BENSON:

In answer to your question, I do not think that principal characters in a book can ever be successfully drawn from single individuals. They have to be types, and must be largely imaginary, and in any case composite. Minor characters perhaps can be taken from individuals, but, in my opinion, the more sparingly the better.

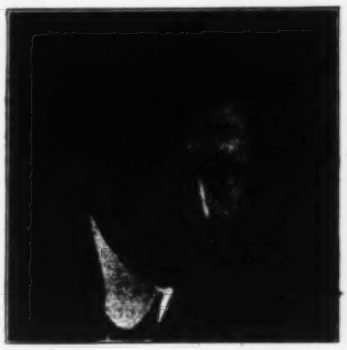


Photo by Miss Compton Collier. **Mr. E. F. Benson.**

A single individual, you see, is necessarily too *thin* to be typical.

E. F. BENSON.

MR. HUGH WALPOLE:

1. *Never* from living models. Of course living persons suggest themes, characteristics, etc., but the characters in a book have always, for the author, at any rate, their own independent individual life.

2. As characters are never *modelled* on actual persons there is no answer to this question.

3. Maggie in "The Captives."

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Hugh Walpole.**

HUGH WALPOLE.

"GEORGE COLMORE":

I do not mould my characters on real people. Only in one case, that of Professor Reisen in "The Thunderbolt," have I had in my mind a real behind a fictitious character. In that case I had never seen the original; I knew only his professional reputation, and all I had of "reality" was that knowledge and a description of his personality given me by one who had met him.

Sometimes a character sums up what seems to me a type, as in the cases of Cordelia in "A Ladder of Tears," and Mrs. Bonham in "The Thunderbolt," and sometimes, no doubt, traits which I observe in living people find a place in fictitious ones; but generally speaking my characters are purely imaginary. I never met anybody who remotely suggested Oliver Knox, Aunt Anne in "A Valley of Shadows," or any of the characters in "A Daughter of Music"; and what is true of these is true of nearly all the rest. But to me they seem wholly real, and seemed, while I was writing about them, to speak and act "on their own."

"George Colmore."

It would be difficult to say which of my characters is my favourite, especially as the characters I "like" best, with whom I am most in sympathy, are not necessarily those that interest me most. I can hardly say that I liked Pauline in "The Guest," but she interested me intensely; and so did Mrs. Bonham, though I have no liking at all for the type she belongs to. My chief interest is in the reaction of character to circumstance, and therefore it is the people in my books who are confronted with difficulties, with tragedies, with problems of conduct and principle that I like best to deal. Perhaps there is no one of my characters that appeals to me more than Yan, the outcast woman in "The Angel and the Outcast," and this is, I think, because, in spite of circumstances altogether adverse and constantly blameworthy, she retained an inherent nobility which impelled her to the greatest height of self-sacrifice that she could conceive.

"GEORGE COLMORE."

MR. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE:

(1) Not consciously, though I believe I do so subconsciously, fusing perhaps several characters together. For instance, Paddy Button, in "The Blue Lagoon," was derived from a hundred old sailor men I have met.

(2) I think the more they are derived from actual persons the more vital they are.

(3) Moriarty, in "Garryowen." But I don't know in the least why I like him better than any of the other ot my puppets.

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. H. de Vere Stacpoole.**

H. DE VERE STACPOOLE.

Next month we shall publish replies received too late for this Number from W. Somerset Maugham, Gilbert Frankau, J. E. Buckrose, Ethel Sidgwick, J. D. Beresford and H. A. Vachell.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

APRIL, 1922.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II, IV and V are the same each month, and that for the next two months the first prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the most telling phrase, sentence or paragraph, of not more than a hundred words, that ends any English novel or play.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR MARCH.

I.—THE PRIZE for the best original lyric is divided, and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to Eileen Carfrae, of 110B, Brixton Hill, S.W.2, and Winnifred Tasker, of Nythfa, Llandudno, for the following:

COVENT GARDEN.

I know a place in London where the country comes to town.
Any morning up till nine
You may share the joy that's mine,
And the spoils of Surrey meadow and of lonely Sussex down
You may buy at Covent Garden in the morning.

Should it happen with young April that you tread the primrose way,
You may even come across
Green and golden fronded moss—
Oh, the loveliest things in England may be picked up any day
For a song at Covent Garden in the morning.

EILEEN CARFRAE.

THE TRAMP.

I beg my bread along the road,
Yet trudge beneath no heavy load.
Sorrow has long since passed me by
And loving—Yet I love the sky.
'Twill serve me better than a friend
And light me to the journey's end,
Though fickle as a woman is
With just as many vagaries.

The hedges, too, in them I trust
For shelter from the sun and dust,
Amidst them are the happy birds,
And Music sweeter far than words
That from the lips of man might fall—
Then when grey night is over all
The kind trees know me for their own—
So thick their tangled boughs have grown.

But now the long road winds away
Past hedges bright with crimson may,
Now as a snow-white ribbon flung
'Neath boughs with whiter garlands hung,
For Spring has journeyed through the land
And lovers greet her hand in hand,
I look—with an unseeing eye;
Their paths and mine asunder lie.

The cross-roads through the morning mist
Hold not for me a place of tryst,
Should laughter echo clear and gay,
I turn away, I turn away—
Loving and Laughter both must die
But not the pleasures of the sky,
And when the last long milestone's past
I may find happiness at last.

WINNIFRED TASKER.

We also select for printing (though the writer could improve upon "responsive" hearts in the last line but one):

WHERE HIDES THE SPRING?

Where hides the spring in Tenement Street:
Spring, with her joy and her exquisite pity?
No green stretches for weary feet,
Or woodland blossoms, frail and sweet,
Are ever seen in Tenement Street—
Tenement Street in the heart of the city.

Overhead is a gleam of sky
Between grey roofs for the eye's beholding:
But over the bustle of passers-by,
And the rattle of carts, and the hawker's cry,
Who learns to listen for earth's soft sigh,
Or the fairy whisper of buds unfolding?

Yet Hope may smile in the greyest gloom,
And miracles be! Lo! here I found it;
Welcome as light in a shadowed room,
Sweet as the show'r of its own perfume,
A little lilac tree—in bloom—
Laughed at the dull, dead walls around it.

Here hides the Spring in Tenement Street;
Here is proof of her tender pity!—
Where the lilac scatters her fragrance sweet,
Nodding her delicate plumes to greet
Responsive hearts in Tenement Street—
Tenement Street in the heart of the city.

(Evelyn Simms, 40, Arundel Street, Brighton.)

We also select for special commendation the lyrics by Roland Sutton (Cirencester), V. D. Goodwin (Gillingham), Phyllis Howell (Carmarthen), M. F. Ritchie (Grahamstown), E. P. Cranmer (Teddington), Esther Raworth (Harrogate), L. M. Priest (Norwich), M. Burbridge (Westcliff), Arthur C. Inman (Boston, U.S.A.), G. Laurence Groom (Regent's Park), Cyril G. Taylor (Edinburgh), A. L. Trotter (Vancouver), Kitty Gallagher (Bootle), John A. Bellchambers (Highgate Hill), Dorothea Humphreys (Cheadle), Gwendolyn E. Thornton (Bramley), Mary E. Steel (Darlington), Miss E. R. Faraday (Orleton), Ian Lauderdale (Cape Town), Margaret Brown (Harrow-on-the-Hill), Marjorie Harwood (Bushey), D. Freeman Larkin (Anerley), Victor A. Brown (Sevenoaks), H. Priess (Cape Province, South Africa), Helen Mitcham (London, N.), K. O'Callaghan (Bedford), Agnes D. Scott (Woolwich), Phyllis Erica Noble (Walthamstow), Dorothy Slide (Birmingham), Katherine Ford (Norwich), James Paton (Natal, South Africa), Lucy Malleson (London, W.), John P. Jones (Bolton), Pearl Luscher (New York), Una Malleson (London, W.), A. Eleanor Pinnington (Exeter), Ethel Stoneman (Western Australia), Lilian Purbs (Kashmir), Muriel Garbutt (London, S.W.), Vivien Brett Smith (Boscombe), Melfin Jones (Cardiff), Hilda de Fleury (London, S.W.), Ruth Crook (Wellingborough), Miss K. F. Woodhouse (Blandford St. Mary), J. I. Douglas (York), Ivan Adair (Dublin), Jessie E. Greenwood (Wallington), Margery Sykes (Bath), G. M. Tuckett (Barry Docks), Joan Warry (Sherborne), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), Miss B. B. Horton (Westerham), A. T. Corke (Malvern).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to J. S. Collins, of 7, Pagoda Avenue, Richmond, Surrey, for the following:

THE PROFITEERS. By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Get place and wealth, if possible, with grace,
If not, by any means get wealth and place."

POPE, *Imitations of Horace*, Epistle I.

We also select for printing:

THE ONLY GIRL IN THE WORLD. By LLOYD WILLIAMS. (Page.)

"There is none like her—none!"

TENNYSON, *Maud*.

(Frances Anderson, Restenneth, West Didsbury.)

HOW TO BE USEFUL AND HAPPY FROM 60 TO 90. By A. LAPTHORN SMITH, B.A., M.D., M.R.C.S. (John Lane.)

"Good gods! how he will talk!"

NATHANIEL LEE, *Alexander the Great*, Act i, Sc. 3.

(A. M. Hillier, 27, Highbury New Park, N.5.)

THE LUNATIC AT LARGE AGAIN. By J. STORER CLOUSTON. (Nash & Grayson.)

"As I was going to St. Ives
I met a man with seven wives."

Old Rhyme.

(A. H. Baird, 78, Ledbury Road, Bayswater, W.)

THE LAW INEVITABLE. By LOUIS COUPERUS. (Thornton Butterworth.)

"What can an old man do but die?"

HOOD, *Spring it is cheery*.

(Gwendoline M. Shaw, 36, Warrington Road, Ipswich.)

GREEN ROOM GOSSIP. By ARCHIBALD HADDON. (Stanley Paul.)

"At ev'ry word a reputation dies."

A. POPE, *Rape of the Lock*, Canto iii, l. 16.

(G. Coulter, Kenmare, Priory Street, Cheltenham.)

A YOUNG AMERICAN IN ENGLAND. (Review.)

"Fill me with the old familiar juice."

FITZGERALD, *Omar Khayyám*.

(Sidney S. Wright, 171, Widmore Road, Bromley, Kent.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best lines of advice to any well-known public character, is awarded to Kitty Gallagher, of 8, Merton Road, Bootle, near Liverpool, for the following:

TO MR. DE VALERA.

O thou, who though of alien race and name,
Our country cherished as thine own would'st claim—
Learn that the path to Erin's weal lies not
Thro' ways all stained by murder's foulest blot.
Our Irish tongue thou'st mastered, so 'tis said,
Ah! learn the language of her heart instead.
So, in thy pose of Erin's trusty Knight,
"Assume a virtue," champion now the right.

The replies on the whole are a little disappointing, but we select for special commendation those by B. M. Beard (Bexleyheath), Evelyn Simms (Brighton), A. C. Marshall (Edinburgh), Gertrude Thorneycroft (Leeds), Jessie Hutchings (Eastbourne), C. Burton (Upper Norwood), W. Sutherland (Sunderland), P. H. Jackson (Stockport), J. Price Williams (Port Dinormic), T. D. Lowe (Glasgow), Muriel Garbutt (St. Albans), N. Butterfield (Ilford), Marjorie Holmes (Bentham), Ada F. Strike (Worthing).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to B. Noël Saxelby, of 43, Claude Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester, for the following:

VERA. By the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." (Macmillan.)

Everard Wemyss is one of those unpleasant egoists this author draws with such uncanny skill. This is the story of his second marriage, but the shadow of his first wife, Vera, pervades the book. Vera departed this life *via* a top story window—whether voluntarily or involuntarily is at first uncertain; but as Wemyss's character is gradually revealed—his greedy affection, his colossal capacity for being "hurt," his delight in the exercise of petty tyrannies—we become convinced that Vera knew what she was about, and wonder how long it will be before poor little Lucy follows her example.

We also select for printing:

CROSSING PICCADILLY CIRCUS. By WARD MUIR. (Heinemann.)

This is a remarkable book by reason of its sincerity and power of looking at Life from the standpoint of each character depicted therein. Adam and David Creighton, with the same fundamental driving power, develop naturally in their special spheres. Mary and Maisie, each on different planes, true to themselves, work out their individual lives. In striking contrast, the insincere characters of the conventionalists, the sentimentalists, fade away into that nothingness which is the natural outcome of their state. Thus, "Crossing Piccadilly Circus" takes its place as an original representation of our modern social system, told with consummate literary craft.

(Alice Youle Hind, 5, Clarence Street, Brighton.)

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF MIND. By ESMÉ WINGFIELD-STRATFORD. (Books Ltd.)

With so many "secret systems" of memory and mind-training abroad, all frankly acknowledging material success as their goal, it is most refreshing to read a clear, sane, highly principled account of mind-training, such as we

find in this book by a distinguished authority, Dr. Wingfield-Stratford. In a direct, comprehensible manner, he treats of all the functions of the mind, from perception to creative genius, and, free from the regrettable tendencies of many quack psychologists, aims not merely at efficiency, but at efficiency directed to right ends, and culminating in the production of the noble and perfect man.

(Enid Blyton, 34, Oakwood Avenue, Beckenham, Kent.)

OLIVER CROMWELL. By JOHN DRINKWATER. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Mr. Drinkwater here depicts Cromwell as a powerful man, not a play-hero. Abraham Lincoln stood head and shoulders above Cromwell, and so this play is so much less than that drama in fineness, but not in interest. The quietness and solitariness of life are wonderfully shown by the author. The real being of the Great Protector holds our view and our thoughtful admiration. And yet, despite all the aims of the Anti-Puritans to expose his harshness and his narrowness, one is left with the pleasantest and most loyal feelings of admiration for his saving graces.

(A. E. Gowers, 12, Broad Street, Haverhill, Suffolk.)

We also select for special commendation the reviews by J. Cuthbert Scott (Cheltenham), Geoffrey H. Wells (Cardiff), Reginald A. Smith (Burton-on-Trent), W. Swayne Little (Dublin), Caroline W. Furlong (Newfoundland), G. Gordon Salmon (Canterbury), Miss E. M. Pelt (Southport), Margaret Stokes (London, W.C.), A. M. Hillier (London, N.), Muriel Westwood (Sutton Coldfield), Miss N. Butterfield (Ilford), Emma Burgess (Torquay), B. van Thal, junr. (London, N.W.), Miss G. Taylor (Buxted), Mrs. Grace G. Webb (Southam), Isabel R. Thomas (Bristol), F. Oliver (Norwich), Miss M. Brock (Ashton-on-Mersey), Gertrude N. Hallott (Nottingham), Enid G. Bigland (Birkenhead), Miss L. Mugford (London, S.W.), Lilian M. Bridges (Salisbury), Gerald McMichael (Birmingham), G. W. Bowes (Rishton), Kathleen Rice (Harpenden), N. Evans (Brixton Hill), Jean Cameron Wilson (Manchester), Doris E. Bluck (Bolton).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Sidney S. Wright, of 171, Widmore Road, Bromley, Kent.

THINGS TEMPESTIVE AND INTEMPESTIVE.*

By GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

IT has been held by not ignoble minds that the Valley of Humiliation, not too disgracefully incurred, and traversed in a becoming fashion, is not a wholly bad place. Therefore if it be the fact that the present reviewer, in doing what he could to "wash and brush up" Scott's "Dryden" for a new appearance took (as Sir Walter himself and everybody else for some two hundred years had done) Shadwell's operatic rehandling of Davenant and Dryden's adaptation of "The Tempest" for that adaptation itself—instead of the right text—he says *Peccavi!* with neither tongue in cheek nor grumpiness in tone. Nor is there any grudging in that "if," for the discoverer, as it seems, of Shadwell's authorship put the title of his own monograph interrogatively; and as Mr. Summers frankly admits, it is "curious" that Dryden's own publisher, Herringman, should have issued Shadwell's version with no author's name, with Dryden's own signed Preface and with Dryden's Prologue and Epilogue, though Shadwell seems to have written others which appear now for the first time in print. Let me (for in such cases the third person is clumsy) say that I have not the slightest complaint to make of Mr. Summers's references to me. Indeed he very generously mentions that I *did* notice (I think I was almost the first to do so) considerable differences between the two versions. At any rate, both are now accessible to the student in modern print, and this is altogether to the good. It may not be superfluous to remind those who only know, or at least think of, Dryden and Shadwell as at daggers drawn, that this did not come about till years after the dates—1667–1670 and 1674—in question.

Apart from the undoubtedly curious and as yet not fully explained fact of the two pieces—not identical, but the latter comprising, as is admitted, all the features of the earlier, with novelties chiefly affecting the masque at the end—there is nothing much to say in the critical way about this earlier form itself. If it is not more, it is certainly not much less obnoxious than the other to the general strictures which have been passed on that as a defilement of one of the most beautiful things in the whole range of the world's literature. It is really not of much importance what proportion of this defilement is due to Davenant and what to Dryden. The latter cheerfully proclaims his own enjoyment of the main central addition—that of a male Miranda who has never seen a woman—which "excellent contrivance" is a perfectly obvious *origo mali*. This was Davenant's: whether he took it from a Spanish story is, except to a certain kind, not the best, of commentator, a matter of very small interest.

But Mr. Summers, though he may not himself have intended things quite in this way, has almost made one forgive the good author of "Gondibert" and the great author of "All for Love," by reprinting Duffett's "Mock Tempest," a burlesque of their or Shadwell's work. The present writer has probably read some thousand plays from the mediæval theatre to the close of the seventeenth century; some hundred or so of the eighteenth, and some scores of the nineteenth—even perhaps one or two of the twentieth. He is not at all squeamish and fairly tolerant of imperfection. But from the earliest mystery to the latest modernity he has never read such a piece of bawdy balderdash as this. Not that he objects to it being reprinted; on the contrary, it is a useful document, hardly even requiring Mr. Pepys's ingenuous and ingenious defence of his buying and reading a certain French book. It is matter for not in the least ironical thanks to be provided with a "rockbottom" instance of the depths to which the always objectionable practice of meddling with masterpieces can go.

Compared with it Nahum Tate's "King Lear"—which, it must be remembered, was, with less or more alteration in itself, the only form in which generation

* "Shakespeare Adaptations: 'The Tempest,' 'The Mock Tempest' and 'King Lear.'" Edited by Montagu Summers. (Jonathan Cape.)—"Shakespeare's Mystery Play: A Study of 'The Tempest.'" By Colin Still. (Cecil Palmer.)

From "THE TEMPEST"
Illustrated in Colour
By EDMUND DULAC.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

BOATSWAIN: "LAY HER A-HOLD, A-HOLD! SET HER TWO COURSES: OFF TO SEA AGAIN."
Tempest.—Act 1, Scene 1.

after generation of playgoers beheld something calling itself by the name of that impossible magnificence—is a bungle rather than an outrage. Its two greatest artistic blots—the happy ending and the striking up of an attachment between Edgar and Cordelia—are the first only a relapse on a form of the story itself ancient, and the second a concession to a perennial weakness of *l'homme moyen*. Both utterly spoil the play, of course, but one need not do more than shrug one's shoulders over them. Mr. Summers is to be thanked for putting these adaptations in a comely and handy form before us and for some excellent introductory matter, showing, in a fashion which will certainly be new to many if not all readers, to what an extent it has been the custom—a custom unfortunately still rife—to defraud theatre-goers of anything like "neat" Shakespeare. It would probably be worth while to collect more of such travesties. We have hardly anything against him except an attack, surely as unjust as irrelevant, on Farquhar. The book is as welcome as it is handsome, though one fancies that the decent grey of its back would have preferred as companions the accustomed blue or pink side-boards to the jazzle-dazzle, thunder-and-lightning of the actual ones.

Mr. Colin Still's "Study of 'The Tempest'" of course puts its subject through a fashion of treatment belonging to an entirely different department of literature. It is so modestly and sincerely written, and it gives evidence of so much careful reading and thought, that one would fain give it the most respectful hearing possible. But how far *is* it possible to be quite serious when a man seeks to prove that Shakespeare's play, "though perhaps without Shakespeare's conscious intention," is an allegorical account of "those psychological experiences which constitute what Mystics call Initiation"? Now it is not from the present writer that anyone need look for contempt of mysticism or allegory. He would even be prepared to add to the old "All things end in mystery" a sort of corollary "All things are patient of allegory." Life being life and literature a reconstruction of it, the interconnections of the two cannot be arbitrarily limited. But attempts to work out the particular allegory of particular pieces of literature, unless these latter unmistakably challenge allegorical interpretation, are always very risky and constantly slip from the sublime to the ridiculous. One is afraid—and if one wanted to make game of Mr. Still one could fill pages with examples—that such slips frequently occur here. They are indeed horribly tempting. But one of the least extravagant shall suffice. Aspirants to the Greater Initiation were placed upon a Spartan diet. Prospero tells Ferdinand that he shall drink sea water and eat mussels. Therefore Ferdinand is a candidate for the Greater Initiation. Why you may do this sort of thing "all the time"—as modern slang has it: and the present writer would undertake to make Christopher Sly the same kind of candidate in half a jiffy. One more quite serious word. At the end of his book, before dealing with that Epilogue which, unlike most people, he instances in support of his case, Mr. Still remonstrates with "a certain type of critic" who says we ought "to be content to accept a work of art as such, and not attempt to read into it meanings which the author may never have intended." The present reviewer frankly accepts the challenge, and acknowledges himself of this "type." There may be people—Mr. Still may be one of them—who can preserve the poignancy of the æsthetic appeal while busying themselves with charades and conundrums of this sort. But pretty long and pretty acute observation of the facts authorises the opinion that such people are exceedingly rare. Besides, there is something more to think of. The experimenter may be satisfied with his own experiment, but he is one and others are many. For every one person of intelligence who derives pleasure or profit from these operations (and even of such it may be doubted whether the pure enjoyment of the original is not spoilt for them), dozens—scores—hundreds—will be either simply bored or after (perhaps even without) a feeble sort of amusement, disgusted. Play what tricks you like with the ugly; the beautiful should only be enjoyed.

New Books.

A LINGUISTIC REINCARNATION*

In most cases the public is right in its indignation at the reproduction of a book under a new title. But if the body of the work is as completely changed as its name no serious objection need be made. This is the position of Professor Jespersen's new version of his old work "Progress in Language," which is now out of print. The book is practically a fresh work and embodies years of additional research. It is one of those books that are good for reviewers. There is no possibility of taking the high hand and patronising the author. Mr. William Macdougall could not find a better example of his "state of negative self-feeling" than is supplied by the honest critic of this book. Dr. Jespersen has the advantage all the way. Not only is he a specialist in language in general, but he has the temerity to write to us in excellent English, while almost none of us knows anything about his native Danish. This reserve of Scandinavian lore puts any writer in a remarkably strong position, particularly in the way of etymology; for we all remember from our school days that any really doubtful derivation was always comfortably shelved by the phrase "probably Icelandic," and Iceland belongs to Denmark. Then again Dr. Jespersen comes to his work after having learnt by experience in the many volumes he has written. We can only sit at his feet and humbly learn.

To be sure we might adopt the method of the cheerful reviewer who gallops through a book of this kind, pulls out a plum or two from the teeming linguistic cupboard, and rides off on the borrowed interest he has thus aroused. The temptation is great, for the materials are abundant; but fair play demands that we should leave the cupboard intact, and let the reader have the full enjoyment of its alluring contents. Perhaps the most original contribution, if not indeed the most important, is the second book which is taken up entirely with "The Child." No doubt writers on child study have made useful contributions here, but their work has been spasmodic and unscientific, sometimes indeed ludicrously erroneous, as in the case of the estimates of the number of words in the child's vocabulary. Yet here our experimental educationists have done a little quasi-scientific work, and by way of slightly diminishing our negative self-feeling we may give

* "Language: Its Nature, Development and Origin." By Otto Jespersen. 18s. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

Dr. Jespersen the results of the Terman investigations: A child in his eighth year can use 3,600 words, in his tenth 5,400, in his twelfth 7,200, in his fourteenth 9,000. The average adult can use 11,700 words and the superior adult 13,500. All this, however, is quite consistent with the argument of Dr. Jespersen, who makes use of his child section mainly to test and to support certain theories of the nature and development of language in general.

The interest of the book is so great that an incident that would bring satisfaction to a tired reader gives rise only to annoyance. When I found that page 224 was abruptly followed by page 241, instead of feeling relieved at being spared the missing pages I was disappointed, and when by comparing the index I found that "women's language" was included among what I had missed my disappointment rose to dismay.

The general effect of the book is one of perturbation to the reader who does not like to have his fixed opinions disturbed. For all along the line Dr. Jespersen is disposing of old theories and setting up either new ones or modifications of the old, and his arguments are so convincing that there is nothing to be done but accept them. It is a little unsettling to find that theories which we got up with much effort at the university are now calmly removed from their pedestal to make room for more worthy successors. The *agglutination theory* by which we swore in the old days becomes first changed into the *coalescence theory*, and then has to stand a very damaging criticism that does not leave it in anything like its pristine state of respectability. When the book reaches the origin of language the reader's self-respect returns, for here at least in the realm of pure speculation he can guess as well as his neighbours. His spirits continue to rise as he welcomes his old familiar friends the *bow-wow*, the *pooh-pooh*, the *ding-dong* and the *yo-he-ho* theories. But he is soon depressed by the contemptuous way in which the old favourites are treated. With scant courtesy they are thrust aside to make way for serious views, and Dr. Jespersen sets about demolishing some of the opinions that have been for long regarded as established. We used to be taught that the process of development of language was from isolation to agglutination, and thence to flexion. A very little and Dr. Jespersen would ask us to reverse this order. He contents himself, however, with discrediting the established view and asking us to note that progress is from the complex to the simple, or, in his own words, which he prints in capitals, and which sum up the teaching of the learned volume: "The evolution of language shows a progressive tendency from inseparable irregular conglomerations to freely and regularly combinable short elements."

JOHN ADAMS.

FOUR GOOD NOVELS.*

These are all four creditable books. But incomparably the best of the bunch is Phyllis Bottome's "Kingfisher."

I have only two objections to it. It is, I think, much too short, and its title a little too fantastic. The latter objection is perhaps rather trivial. But I should have liked to hear more about the early days of Jim Barton. Jim, quite justifiably and even heroically, kills his father in defence of his mother. For this act of filial piety he is sent to a penitentiary for three years, being too young to be hanged. It is because of this wicked thing having happened to him in his boyhood that I should have liked the author to tell us lots more about his earlier years. She tells us a great deal in a very little space. She knows the poor as curiously few writers do, and she knows not only the details of their daily life but also their psychology. She has got Jim right. He is right as the young ruffian of the streets, as the boy in prison, as the boy on the barge, at the semi-public school, at Cambridge, and at last as labour leader and social missionary. All the time she has got him right. And her sense of the innate chivalry and honesty of the so-called lower classes as contrasted with the cowardice and dishonesty of the so-called upper classes, is almost uncannily sure in its adherence to truth. I have not enough space in which to do justice to this book. Throughout it is instinct with that penetrative power of insight into human nature which is an author's chief asset. Her characters, major or minor, are never puppets. Her studies of the Blighs, the Egertons, Eliza—Jim's abandoned sister—of the three brainless cads, Wizzle, Ainley and Pritchard, are all alike masterly. "The Kingfisher" is a very fine book indeed.

Joseph Hergesheimer is an American with an almost cosmopolitan reputation. He deserves it. "Mountain Blood" is, I understand, one of his earlier works. I am sorry to have to confess that it is the only novel of his I have read. The hero, Gordon Makimmon, is at first not quite adequately presented. In fact, he is almost misrepresented. One thinks of him as a man outworn, inconsiderable, on the verge of middle age. Then, quite suddenly, he seems in danger of becoming that most intolerable of bores, the strong, stern, silent man of the late Seton Merriman's imagining. At last one begins to know him. And then he is very real and intriguing. The story moves apace. The miserable cult of self-seeking, Pharisaism, snobbery, and double-dealing of a typical back-of-the-world village in the Virginian mountain-regions—not unlike some English villages—begins to reveal itself, with Gordon Makimmon as a fine type of the emigrant Scotsman not quite denationalised by three generations. The scene in the gaming-house at Sprucescap is magnificent, though, of course, pure Kiplingese. (Few American authors seem able to escape from the influence of Kipling, who derived something from Bret Harte, who in his turn derived mainly from our own Dickens.) The rest is mostly dollars, with a flavouring of passion. It is all good stuff. Gordon Makimmon, as he is more and more fully realised, becomes a figure of tremendous vitality. His struggles and failures against men far too astute for him, his courage, his simplicity, his splendid generosity and self-sacrifice are well expressed in every line of this absorbing and arresting romance of the commonplace.

One hardly knows what to say about Mr. Gilbert Frankau's latest novel, except that it is amazingly clever. Apparently it was projected as a propagandist book: as that it fails. Its premises are stated fairly well, but its deductions are weak in the extreme, and its conclusions deplorably feeble. One's sympathies are never with the adulterous Aliette and her paramour Ronald Cavendish, but all the time with Hector Brunton who, coarse in grain as he may be, brutal and ruthless as he is vainly meant to be, proves himself in most crises a man of great generosity and self-restraint. Personally, I don't like either Aliette or Ronald, the official heroine and hero. There are certain codes of honour which must be upheld for the general good, and though I would not be thought to judge those who transgress them, I cannot see that they have any right to the best of life after accepting the worst. Mr. Frankau's delineation of some of his characters is really wonderful in its fidelity to type. As I have said, his cleverness is undeniable. Nevertheless he is still a little crude, and sometimes more than a little coarse. I predict an enormous sale for this book.

Margaret Peterson's "Dust of Desire" is a better conceived and better handled book than "The Love Story of Aliette Brunton." Still, to use an Americanism in a purely English sense, it makes me tired, here and there. Why do so many modern women-novelists persist in idealising unspeakable cads, men of the basest passions, lacking wholly in self-restraint or self-respect? Such a man is, presumably, Margaret Peterson's hero, Gerard Kenyon. All his adult life has been spent in the most degrading debauchery, and yet good women and bad, civilised and uncivilised, all alike fall in love with him at first sight. . . . Well, let it pass. . . . Perhaps I am old-

* "The Kingfisher." By Phyllis Bottome. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)—"Mountain Blood." By Joseph Hergesheimer. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)—"The Love Story of Aliette Brunton." By Gilbert Frankau. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)—"Dust of Desire." By Margaret Peterson. 7s. 6d. (Melrose.)

XUM

fashioned. Perhaps the simple code of decency and cleanness in which I was bred is out of date. There is, anyway, plenty of real good writing in this book. The atmosphere and local colour of tropical Africa is finely rendered. The story itself is well told and most thrilling in its purely narrative passages. The characters are mostly lovable or at least companionable. I like particularly the way in which is shown the spirit of hearty comradeship existing between the lonely pioneers of our outposts of progress. This book without effort conveys that spirit beautifully. Indeed, there is much real beauty in this book and, when it pleases the author to deal with the things that matter, an extraordinary power of making her people as real to you as your own best friends.

EDWIN PUGH.

LETTERS AS LITERATURE.*

"Something too much of this" is not likely to be the exclamation of the reader when he puts this book down after getting to the end of it. Much more likely he will ask clamantly for more. For there are only about sixty letters, and they are for much the greater part, if not wholly, of the most exquisite quality. Mr. Saintsbury does not, we take it, claim that he has chosen the very best, but that his selections possess what he considers to be the hall-marks of *real* letters, the first and essential characteristic of which is naturalness. This he believes is "the very passport of admission to the company of good letter-writers." It is what Coleridge means when he tells a correspondent that he *writes* to others, but that his pen talks to her. Other characteristics there should be, but the one first named *must* be present. After two letters of Synesius (*c.* 375–430), the excellent Bishop of Ptolemais, one of Pliny, one of Sidonius Apollinaris, and one of the Duchess of Burgundy who was afterwards the wife of our Henry II, we come to the letters of the fifteenth century, pass on to those of the following centuries, the collection ending with an unpublished one from R. L. Stevenson to the editor whose friend he was. In addition to the letters there is a very delightful introduction on the history and art of letter-writing, and each writer's letter (or letters) is prefaced by the editor's introductory remarks and notes sufficient in bulk without being tiresomely needless. Mr. Saintsbury's writing is "matterful," therefore the reader requires to be mentally alert, otherwise he will miss much and fail to mark the precise shade of meaning the writer wishes to convey. In some respects he is not very dissimilar to Henry James and Pater. His wit, humour and learning shine constantly, and about the latter there is not the least air of pedantry. His vast range of reading and his critical acumen make him an informing and sure guide on any subject of English literature about which he writes, and there is a freshness in his presentation of it more characteristic of a younger writer than one whose years, as Rogero sang, "are many."

One result of the publication of this book ought to be, and probably will be, that a reader will wish to become more intimately acquainted with the other letters of those whose epistles he has but tasted. And he will find a wide field open to him. Who that has read, say, the two exquisite letters of Dorothy Osborne, could be satisfied with a mere sip? Would he not wish to drink deep at this spring? Then there is Chesterfield. Whatever he was *not*, he most emphatically was a master of style, and gifted also with humour, good specimens of which endowments are given in the letter printed in the book.

It was in the eighteenth century that letter-writing reached a height it had never touched before. Mr. Saintsbury declares it to have been the "letter-writingest" of ages from almost every point of view, as it undoubtedly was. Some of our best letter-writers belong to that period of whom the greatest was Horace Walpole. Cowper, too, attains very high rank. Charles Lamb affirmed that he would call no man his friend who did not love Cowper's "divine chit-chat," but he was then referring to the poetry, for at the time he made his statement Cowper was still living, and of course his letters had not yet been published. But the phrase is peculiarly applicable to the poet's letters either with or without the qualifying adjective.

Of the nineteenth-century letter-writers Charles Lamb is the best-beloved as he also is as an essayist and as a man, though these two latter aspects are a little beside the subject under consideration. The prefatory remarks to Lamb's letter is an exquisite bit of writing, and will warm the hearts of all Lamb devotees, even although Mr. Saintsbury trips slightly in one of his statements. He remarks or implies that Lamb once stated that he had "an aversion from letter-writing." He has apparently forgotten that what Lamb wrote had reference not to himself but to his sister: "Mary has such an invincible reluctance to any epistolary matter."

Mr. Saintsbury has not given the latest—and presumed correct—recension of the letter, but has gone to Talfourd's text, but the correct readings are comparatively unimportant. A similar remark applies to the Keats letter—Sir Sidney Colvin's text being given and not that of the late Mr. Buxton-Forman. Another slip is that the letters to which reference is made—those which were sold at Sotheby's on April 12th last year—were the 5,200 written *to* not by Scott.

The foregoing errors are mere trifles and do not detract in the least from a most attractive and delectable book. Our greatest wish is that the editor may be induced to give us another work of a like character.

S. BUTTERWORTH.

* "A Letter Book." By George Saintsbury. 6s. net. (Bell.)

EVILS UNDER THE SUN.

When Mr. Chesterton wrote the title for this book* he did what so many of us do with so many parts of our lives. He subordinated the really important things to the less important. "Eugenics and other Evils" he calls it, and it soon becomes obvious that it is the other evils that are really the devastating and deadly ones, and that Eugenics is simply the fruit of a noxious and distorted tree. Shall men be bred like carthorses? he asks, with indignation and amazement. To which the reply is that some people are foolish enough to wish that they could be. Do we not exercise the greatest care in breeding from pedigree stock on the farm? say these people. Of course we do. Then why not exercise equal—and pretty nearly the same!—care when breeding citizens for the State. So Mr. Chesterton proceeds to belabour on a score of grounds the Eugenist who would interfere with the law of natural selection.

Here the "other evils" come in. Why this attempt to interfere? Why should even a Eugenist consider it necessary to begin to regulate the sexual unions of men and women? After all, wrong or absurd as such ideas may be, they do not spring up out of the ground from stones or grass. They are rooted in something deep and moving in the mind of man. They are, agrees Mr. Chesterton; they are rooted in the desire of one section or class of the populace to control, exploit, enchain, and subsequently experiment on the bodies of the members of the mob; that is, on the poor. No one is anxious to begin segregating or interfering with the activities of the rich in this special field of human endeavour; it is the poor man who matters in these affairs, for it is to the poor man we must look for the work that is to grow food, and make clothes, and generally provide wealth for the whole nation. The poor man's progeny is thus of vital consequence to us all. So Mr. Chesterton drags our noses down to the sink and stench of our modern social relationships, and shows us that the roots of this idea of the scientific breeding

* "Eugenics and Other Evils." By G. K. Chesterton. 6s. net. (Cassell.)

of men lie in that morass known as the exploitation of man by man.

This is not to say that a certain section of our people has definitely set itself out to turn society into a stud farm for the specific purpose of breeding bricklayers and engineers of a particular type, and in certain numbers. But it is to say that, as our commercial system is intensified, and dispossesses more and more men, not merely of land and tools, but of even the possibility of working for some one else, and thus floods the streets with a degenerating mass of unemployed, the idea comes unconsciously and unbidden to the mind that this mass might be decreased in quantity and improved in quality if among them only the efficient were allowed to bring into the world the stuff for the next generation. Instead of considering how industry can pay decent wages which would allow workmen to breed healthy youngsters, or otherwise how to transform the system of industry, the humanitarian thinks how unfortunate it is that these poor wretches should go on breeding at all—or beyond what would provide workmen sufficient for his needs. Our sins are many, and " of these sins one lies buried deepest but most noisesome, and though it is stifled, stinks ; the true story of the relations of the rich and poor in England."

Thus, though we cannot take Mr. Chesterton's fears of Eugenics so seriously, the state of society which has called forth the idea is serious enough—and mad enough —in all conscience. The " Feeble-minded Bill " against which he thunders may be silly enough to be considered as a joke by many people ; but it is a terrible reminder of how in this country law has become so mad as to be now but little better than anarchy. Could anything be more insanely wicked than our Vagrancy Laws, for example ? Two men were caught sleeping in a field, and summoned before a magistrate. They had nowhere else to sleep ; but each of them produced a couple of coppers to prove that they could have got beds, but didn't. To which the efficient and alert policeman replied that twopence could not possibly pay for a bed, and therefore they ought to be punished for not getting one. The intelligent magistrate was so struck by this argument that he sent them to prison for two months for not doing the thing they could not do ! And that is not an example of Mr. Chesterton's fantastic humour, it is a solemn and serious fact. " These things are being done in every part of England, every day," and unless we rouse ourselves they will go on being done until even Eugenics will come to be regarded as a way out of the maze of " other evils " which now press so heavily upon us.

ROWLAND KENNEY.

THE HOME LIFE OF SWINBURNE.*

After her husband's death I wrote to Mrs. Watts-Dunton, in reply to a sad letter, " Life will not always seem as empty as you now suppose, for, sooner or later—I have one book in mind at least, that you could write—you will find work for your hand to do." The book was of course the " Home Life of Swinburne," and with some knowledge of the facts, I am of opinion that Mrs. Watts-Dunton has drawn a faithful picture, if concerned in the main with small details and happenings. About the inclusion of one paragraph I am doubtful. W. M. Rossetti had just left the death chamber. " And then," writes Mrs. Watts-Dunton, " I felt that I wanted to see Swinburne's eyes once again, even though it were in death. I ventured to raise his eyelids very gently, and found that they looked just as I had so often seen them, infinitely kind."

In writing of Swinburne at Putney, she set herself a difficult task. The twenty-four hours held for him nothing more exciting than his morning walk, which she calls " the event of his day." Had he now and then, by

* " The Home Life of Swinburne." By Clara Watts-Dunton. 15s. (Philpot.)

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mrs. Watts-Dunton.**

way of change, committed physical assault and battery on some one (he not seldom committed verbal battery and assault) she would have had material to hand for a thrilling narrative. That out of the stuff of such prosaic happenings Mrs. Watts-Dunton should have woven so diversified a narrative, is an achievement. To worship for a while at the shrine of genius—and then to go away with a happy impression, and leaving as happy an impression behind, is within the power of many clever women. But, for long years to live with so erratic a genius, to humour him, to " understand " him, never to fall out with him, nor to let him fall out with her—most of all to retain his affection and respect, and her own respect and affection for him, to the last—to do all this is quite another matter. Yet all this Mrs. Watts-Dunton did, assisted in no small part by her sense of humour. The most alarming encounter she had with the poet was when she alluded to " The Faithful Shepherdesse " as " by Beaumont and Fletcher " :

> " The mention of the word ' Beaumont,' " she writes, " seemed to affect Swinburne as though one had offered him a personal insult. He glared, he shrugged his shoulders in a panic-stricken sort of way, as one who despaired of the ignorance of the world. ' Fletcher only,' he declared with tremendous emphasis. ' Beaumont never wrote a line of it.' I dared not ask him how *I* was expected to know that. Beaumont and Fletcher were as inseparable to me as Marshall and Snelgrove.'

The relationship between Swinburne and her husband Mrs. Watts-Dunton admirably indicates by speaking of the latter's " mothering instinct " ; and of Swinburne's sharp sayings she gives an amusing illustration. When told that Matthew Arnold was wroth on hearing that the *Daily Telegraph* was edited " by a fellow of the same name," Swinburne said maliciously, " I understand that both these journalists employ their moments of leisure in writing verse." Of Rossetti she writes that when, in carving a duck, he shot the thing into the lap of Sala—" I say, Sala, just hand me back that duck " was his only comment. The value of the book lies, however, not in the stories, but in the picture of Swinburne's later life. The record is happy and tranquil, for he wrote from the Pines, " I am very much more than twice as happy now, as I was when only half my present age."

Were I to hazard a guess at the secret of that happiness, I should look for it in the words of the " woman-friend

whom all three of the inmates of the Pines most loved, Lady Archibald Campbell of Argyll, when she writes of "the adorable simplicity" of the life there. Mrs. Watts-Dunton herself puts the gist of her book into a sentence with her comment, "How small a thing can gladden the heart of a great man!" It is of small things, for the most part, that she writes, but, just as—inasmuch as all fish swim up-stream—the set of the current is no less surely indicated by the tiniest than by the biggest of fish, so these little happenings let in much light upon the personality of Swinburne.

Not the least charm of the book is the modesty of the writer. In that household, a beautiful and accomplished woman ran no little risk of being spoilt. Treated by Swinburne as deferentially as if she were a queen, worshipped by her husband who was her lover to the last—so young a woman might well have come to take herself, and her opinions, in anything but the unassuming spirit here so manifest. She writes as one privileged to have shared the home of two such men, as proud to bear witness to their genius and their worth, and with never a word to set herself in a favourable light. Her girlish awe on first meeting Swinburne she does not attempt to conceal, but wherein she so wholly wins the reader is that she makes clear that her reverence for him as a great genius, her honour for him as a great gentleman, became the greater, not the less, with more intimate knowledge. Heine remarked that "to his publisher no author is a genius," and to the Prince de Condé is attributed the hackneyed gibe about a "hero" and his "valet." Remembering these and similar sayings, one is all the more grateful to Mrs. Watts-Dunton, not only for the intimate picture of his home life, but for reminding the reading world that there are still some among us with whom "familiarity" with the great breeds not "contempt" but new reverence.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

SENECA AND MR. AGATE.*

Mr. Lucas is one of those authors who can make the old classics real without unduly modernising them. Seneca is, in a sense, an easy subject. It is difficult to decide what the Athens of Æschylus was really like, or even the Athens of Euripides or Aristophanes; but one has no such difficulty in fixing on one's mind an image of Neronian Rome. It is true that we have to take into account some strange, even monstrous facts, such as the extent of slavery; but on the whole the vice, the folly, and above all the tricks of the intelligentsia and the æsthete in the time of Seneca were not unlike those of the fashionable world of any time. Mr. Lucas sees that there has always been in literature a classical and a romantic tendency; that the classical devotion to form is, in itself, the origin of the romantic insistence on spontaneity. Seneca is an admirable instance of the author who, romantic in spirit, is yet constrained to a certain classicism of form. It was through Seneca, not through any of the great tragedians of Greece, that the Elizabethan poets made acquaintance with the drama of the ancient world. The young Englishman, quickly learning the joy of word-craft, turning with eager passion for experiment from euphemism to Harvey's classical tricks, and from Harvey to the metaphysical conceits of Donne and his school, owed much to Seneca. What he owed was not all good. The reading of Seneca's ingenious, clever, conceited plays confirmed him in an ingenuity to which his talent was already too prone:

> "Seneca's audience was steeped in rhetoric and the Augustan poets. Therefore that language had to be violently rhetorical, whether in set speeches, or in cut-and-dried stichomuthia, and it had to be variegated with purple patches of description and allusion to those Augustans in the superfine poetic style. But here also was a source of its influence on a Tudor England just realising of what oratorical magnificance its own English tongue was capable, an England intellectually young and therefore delighting in truths thrown about like squibs; an England, too, intellectually new and crude and therefore loving the lurid extravagances of Senecan bombast and flamboyance."

Seneca to-day is forgotten. A few scholars may get pleasure from his essays. In these he has a modernity of style and sentiment which make him, with Petronius, the best of the later Latin authors. He had too that ingenuous-seeming cleverness which forces one's admiration though it never compels belief in its sincerity. He was a Stoic, and deprecated earthly things, so when he became possessed of a fortune of £3,000,000, of large properties in Italy and elsewhere, and was one of the biggest bankers in the Empire, he penned that famous apologia for the Stoic millionaire:

> "Do you ask why I have more wealth than I can count? I am not yet the perfect wise man, only on the road to perfection; a lame goer, but an Achilles beside you, my critic. I despise wealth as much when I have it as when I have it not. My riches belong to me; you belong to yours."

And the irreverent Roman mob replied in the vernacular "I *don't* think——"

Beside Seneca Mr. Agate seems a little old-fashioned. The influence is evident still. The over-emphasis, the careful rhetoric, the intense, lively curiosity of these essays all remind one of Seneca. Mr. Agate's interest is wide, but it is never very deep. There is something a little superficial in the attitude of a man who can write of Sarah Bernhardt, Pavlova, Charles Chaplin and George Carney in the same key of breathless enthusiasm. Some of the essays are on trifling, transient plays of the moment; and Mr. Agate has not Mr. Symons's gift of making beauty out of things negligible and perishable. He is not, indeed, out for beauty. He is out to tickle the intellect, to excite your amusement, and he is so preoccupied with this result that he too often overwrites and leaves his subject drowned in a sea of clever phrases. He is of the school which believes that everything that glitters is told well; and that it is a poor sentence that has no twist to it. One sighs for the plainer parts of speech, as one sighs for them in the works of Mr. Agate's mentor, Mr. C. E. Montague. Mr. Agate is interested in prize-fighting, and is in that bad tradition of bloodthirsty invalids which includes Henley and Stevenson. He quotes with approval Stevenson's "almost everybody in our land, except humanitarians and a few persons whose souls have been depressed by exceptional æsthetic surroundings, can understand and sympathise with an admiral or prize-fighter." It is an odd thing that this cult of brutality has always been preached by weaklings and æsthetes. Here Mr. Agate compares badly with Seneca, who anticipated S. Telemachus' protest against the gladiatorial shows. The best essays in the book are those on "Abraham Lincoln" and "The Beggar's Opera"; these should find their way into any future anthology of critical notices of the theatrical world of 1921.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

* "Seneca and Elizabethan Tragedy." By F. L. Lucas. 7s. 6d. (Cambridge University Press.)—"Alarums and Excursions." By James Agate. 7s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)

PHILOSOPHY AND POETS.

If beauty be nothing but a face in many cases, it is excusable to consider with fond partiality any philosophy or wisdom out of which arises a beauty superior to the skin-deep kind.

Mr. Algernon Blackwood may discover a spiritual relation in Mr. Binns,[1] for the latter's poem, "The Story of Freda Vore," is exquisitely in tune with the spirit who educated "Uncle Paul." Here is a gleam of Freda's wisdom:

> "'And it's that way with us all,' she said;
> 'We're just kelp on the shore,
> When it's low-tide on the beaches of
> The world; but comes the flow
> Murmuring up and all about us,
> We can reach out and grow.'"

[1] "Hill-Tops." By Henry Bryan Binns. 7s. 6d. net. (Jonathan Cape.)

It is fascinating to behold objects, familiar to the dawn of one's sad consciousness of the terms on which beauty exists, transformed into symbols for stupendous psychic truths. Well I remember the melancholy with which I first viewed the difference between wet seaweed just stranded by the waves and the same seaweed figuring pathetically as a souvenir in London; and subconsciously I had no doubt a thought of:

"love creeping up
The desolate beaches of the world"

to give light and movement to arid dusty things. But a poet makes a feeling an idea, and we are grateful to him as to a—revealer being too strong a word, perhaps, let us say commentator of genius. Mr. Binns has a nice sense of the acoustic value of words and can be daringly horrid. He can also achieve a pathos of rare appealingness: witness the poem in which Time's sad victim cries:

"Comes another day,
But what a face to greet it!"

There is merit in the will to live, even if it is inspired rather by pious obedience than by loyalty to one's personality; there is merit, too, in honest faith in the benignly "miraculous"; and it is pleasant to find both merits in the volume containing "The Return."[2] Mrs. Woods is an artist in the use of metre and possesses a powerful imagination. "The Death of Edward III" is a fine and fascinating piece of dramatic literature. In Alice Perrers she has conjured up a ruthlessly hideous portrait of falsity and greed, and the senile vanity of her victor of Crécy is enough to make a hero-worshipper weep. Whoever has tried to write vigorously in the style of an age when people smacked their lips gastronomically over the right sort of carnage will appreciate the cleverness of this stanza:

"The fame of that noble fight
Went forth o'er France and Spain.
Wept sore upon his throne
The Emperor of Almayne.
The bells of Avignon
Tolled seven days for the slain."

"Wade's Boat"[3] is a work of surprising dexterity, because it is consistently quaint through seventy-six pages. It is rich in humour relishable by ears that love a dateless rusticity and like for fun to see the Muse attired in:

"a fustian coat with lappets brouded new
And pomely boots."

The "boat" has no substantial existence, but it is psychically as important as Dickens's Mrs. Harris in this comedy whose characters include a shrew and a husband desirous of civilising her tongue. Mr. Meyerstein is certain of warm appreciation from students of style, though the comic story which he has created and so cunningly versified is not of itself worth the silver crowns of many readers.

"The Scent of the Aloe"[4] affords me, in a poem called "Preparedness," an opportunity for fitting a review to the title of my article. To succumb to this temptation, which has spoiled many a critical "column," would show that I placed my own stylistic effect before the reader's convenience. Therefore I turn the latter's attention to the charm of passion and agony in a tropical setting, although (if I may venture on parody):

"I know I consider last night in the *bustee*
Brought a line to throttle the Muse."

Mr. Baronti's poem in "free" verse, explanatory of a lonely mother's murder of her child, is a striking presentation of madness; and he offers two pages of frank prose—"The Gipsy"—which exercise a charm curiously physiological, due to certain "brown satin claws" stroking "fair hair." The author deserves to be regarded as capable occasionally of being a poet in that refined sense of the word which it is so worrying to elucidate. This quatrain supplies a reason for this remark:

"How I love you, crimson flower!
For you have proved to me
The ache I feared was ceasing
Consumes me utterly."

"Ache," however, is scarcely the *mot juste*.

Pleasing bouquets can certainly be gathered on the lower slopes of Parnassus. No leisured person wandering there should have to confess, like one of Mr. Walter Ray's[5] characters:

"I hugged the little parcel of my thought
And scorned the largess lying to my hand."

There's good in his book, for he lyrically asserts the necessity of individualism in ethics: the eyes of the poet look out fraternally and he has an easy Browningesque manner (the ease of Browning, be it noted, is quite as obvious as the difficulty of him). Still, Mr. Ray does not avoid the tedious and must learn the secret of keeping readers awake. It is a secret which should also be learned by Mr. Middleton Murry, whose "Poems,"[6] handsomely presented by a publisher of fastidious taste, are apt, unfortunately, to force cleverness into queer paths of futility. I am the last person to run amok at subtlety, but this book makes me think somehow of a spider who is spinning without enough solidity in his stickiness to produce a perfectly visible web. Yet there are signs of fine feeling and rare intelligence in Mr. Murry's collection; and, to end philosophically, I quote this memorable stanza from "The Whisper":

"I am thy not-self perfect shaped by stress
Of the defect of thy own imperfectness.
Only with me shalt thou, the comfortless,
Ease thy distress."

W. H. CHESSON.

[2] "The Return, and Other Poems." By Margaret L. Woods. 6s. net. (Lane.)

[3] "Wade's Boat." By E. H. W. Meyerstein. 5s. net. (Murray.)

[4] "The Scent of the Aloe." By Gerve Baronti. 3s. 6d. net. (Selwyn & Blount.)

[5] "Poems of Yesterday and To-Day." By Walter Ray. 3s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

[6] "Poems: 1916–20." By John Middleton Murry. 6s. net. (Cobden-Sanderson.)

MR. MASTERS AND THE GENTLE SAVAGE.*

The publication of the American "Spoon River Anthology" was a literary event of first-rate importance. It is a sad, amusing book compiled from the acute observation of a true if singular poet's mind. And it was (and is) bound to be parodied—the fate of all vital and distinctive books as of all vital and distinctive people. In Mr. Henry Savage the American poet has achieved a worthy parodist, and we shall be greatly surprised if the victim does not send a cablegram of appreciation. For the results are delightful:

"Let me inform you, O Masters,
That though there be many disciples,
There are also a few free and independent poachers
In this cut-throat world of enchantment.

* * * * *

You are not the only pebble on the beach, my dear Edgar,
Not by a long peb.
And besides, it's so damnably easy!"

It isn't, of course, but that's just Mr. Savage's genial modesty, the infectious gaiety with which he wraps up the surprising cleverness and acute criticism of such a piece as "Job Motley":

"It was like this.
We were having a casual pint together,
John Galsworthy and I,
In the Spoon River Arms.
And 'I'm sorry for you,' he said.
'And I for you,' I said.
'But I'm more sorry for you than you are for me,' he said.
'Well, I'm sorry for that,' I said.
There was no more to be said,
So we parted."

[*] "A Long Spoon and the Devil." By Henry Savage. 6s. (Cecil Palmer.)

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Mr. Savage is, it must be confessed, more concerned with the manner of his original than with his matter; he makes only occasional attempts to achieve the perfect parody which is a union of both elements plus a little twist of derision. What he has achieved, however, is a burlesque of Mr. Masters's method applied to modern discussions, modern literature and modern art. This, for instance, is the cheeky comment upon a leading English novelist not unknown to Washington:

PROLIFIC PIPPS.

"I used to write imaginative romances,
And dabbled a bit in science.
Till one day a small boy reduced my cosmos to fragments
By flooring me with the simple poser:
Which came first,
The hen or the egg?
Since then I have never looked back.
I have told you the truth about Sex,
The reconstruction of Society,
Education,
History,
England,
America,
The War, etc., etc."

And Mr. Savage finally pins his victim with:

"'Blessed is the man who has found his true work in life,'
said old Tommy Carlyle.
I've found mine.
I play ball with the kids"—

which is very illuminating criticism.

The publisher has done his part admirably. No more individual and attractive volume has been produced at the price since 1914.

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR.

LIFE OF ELIE METCHNIKOFF.*

A growing demand for biography of all sorts must be considered "a sign of the times." What the sign signifies is not so clear. Does it imply a growing desire to understand the hearts and minds of others? Does it mean an ambition on the part of the crowd to get on intimate terms with the thinkers, and dreamers, and doers of the world, and to find a larger life in vicarious achievements and experiences? Or is it merely a snobbish aspiration to move "in upper circles," combined with a vulgar craving to discover dirty linen in the tubs of Mayfair, and dusty skeletons in the cupboards of Whitehall? Does it signify much more, after all, than the popularity of the pages of personal gossip in the "Court Times" or the "Police News"?

Doubtless, gossip-greed, *schadenfreude*, and the baser curiosities are chiefly responsible for the growing demand; and it is certain that a "Life of Mrs. Asquith," by Mrs. Asquith, or a "Life of Sir Augustus Noodle," by Lady Fitzfoozle, will have a much bigger sale than the "Life of Elie Metchnikoff," by Madame Metchnikoff; yet there are large numbers of readers drawn to biography by the higher motives, and to these "Metchnikoff's Life" will make a particular appeal, for it narrates the evolution of the work and character of a very remarkable man.

Dying at the age of 71, with about seventy-one learned treatises to his name, Metchnikoff's biography might tend to become merely bibliography, but Madame Metchnikoff never allows her great husband's personality to be obscured by his scientific achievements: she shows him to us a living, loving, fighting, suffering human being: we hear his heart beating, till it flags and fails. Still, science naturally occupies an important place in his biography as in his life.

Metchnikoff was a veritable Odysseus of Science, and the tale of his pursuit of knowledge from country to country, from sea-shore to sea-shore, from university to university, from research to research, is quite a scientific Odyssey. His Odyssey lasted sixty years. He commenced his journey at the age of eleven by falling into a pond in pursuit of a jelly-fish: his first treatise, a paper on Infusoria, was published four years later in a Russian scientific journal, and even on his death-bed he was making a scientific study of his own symptoms.

His scientific work was progressive, and, as in the case of his friend Pasteur, it grew to have more and more human interest as it advanced. Researches into the embryonic layers of the lower multicellular organisms led to the discovery of ultra-cellular digestion, and especially of the intra-cellular digestion in the white blood corpuscles and connective tissue cells of the body—the well known process of "phagocytosis." The final step in this discovery was quite dramatic. He picked thorns from some roses on his children's tangerine Christmas tree and inserted them "under the skin of some beautiful star-fish larvae, as transparent as water." It was a crucial experiment. Too excited to sleep, he ran at daybreak to see its result. The result confirmed his prescience: the free cells of the larva had mobilised, and were crowded round the thorn. With a rose thorn from a Christmas tree, and the larva of a star-fish, he had succeeded in throwing light on some of the darkest problems of medical and surgical pathology!

His discovery of phagocytosis led him to investigate the part played by the phagocytes in the creation of immunity and in the degenerative changes that occur in old age; and his phagocytic theory of old age attracted much attention. He believed that old age was mainly due to a poisoning of the tissues of the body by toxins produced by certain microbes in the intestine, and that it might be averted or postponed by swallowing the lactic acid bacilli of sour milk, and setting them to devour the pernicious microbes. For a time, sour milk had great vogue, and, though it has not proved effective in averting senility, yet recent researches by Carrel show that Metchnikoff's theory of old age as a process of slow poisoning of the tissues is probably correct, and that if the tissues could be kept free from toxins, they would not undergo degenerative changes, and might live for ever.

It is rather startling to learn that this great scientist, who sought to prolong human life, three times attempted to shorten his own existence. His early years were years of anxiety and struggle; he was poor, and his first wife was an invalid and finally died. On his wife's death he tried to kill himself with morphia, and failing, he tried to contract pneumonia by exposing himself to severe cold. Probably his second effort at suicide would have failed, too; but when he saw a cloud of insects flying round a lantern, his ruling passion asserted itself, and, in considering a problem of natural selection, he forgot his suicidal intentions.

His second marriage to his biographer was happy, yet domestic and professional anxieties so preyed upon his sensitive nature, that in 1880 he made a third attempt to end his life. This time he attempted to combine suicide and scientific experiment, for he inoculated himself with the germs of relapsing fever. He contracted the disease, but did not die, and during his convalescence his views of life became more optimistic.

In 1888 he went to the Pasteur Institute, where he found congenial work and sympathetic colleagues, and there he worked till his death in 1917. When death finally did come, he did not fear to die, and during a severe heart attack, when his end seemed near, he wrote a letter in which he declared: "As I prepare to die, I have not the shadow of a hope of a life beyond, and I look forward calmly to complete annihilation."

With sympathy, sincerity, simplicity, his wife tells the story of his whole life—the story of "the mercurial, vivacious child, good hearted, intelligent and precocious; the young man, ardent, impetuous, passionate, a lover of science and of all that is exalted; the mature man, a bold thinker, an indefatigable investigator, eager, generous, tender, and devoted; the old man in everything faithful to himself, but progressing in serenity, shining with an ever softer light, like a mountain peak in the setting sun; the martyr at last enduring suffering with patience and resignation, seeing the approach of death without fear, observing it as he had observed life. . . ."

* "The Life of Elie Metchnikoff." By Olga Metchnikoff. 28s. net. (Constable.)

Such a biography is an education; it is not only a study of the ardent, puissant, combative soul of the great scientist, but a revelation of a wife's devoted and understanding love.

RONALD CAMPBELL MACFIE.

TWO MYSTERY NOVELS.*

Good fairies were round the cradle when "The Heaven-Kissed Hill" was born. They gave to its plot freshness and originality; they sent it out full of mystery and dramatic moments. They made of the characters men and women in whose doings as people we take a pleasurable interest. And they set its scene by an old quarry on the South Downs, within sight of the "Bull-Dog Drummond" country, we remember, as we think of other thrilling incidents in recent fiction that have taken place down Surrey and Sussex way. Plot and atmosphere and people work together. The unity of impression which the book leaves is its especial charm. It is late in the day of Mr. Fletcher's achievement to say of him that he is an artist for whom the whole is always more than the parts. But not to stress this point is to fail to distinguish a quality which is distinctive. Most writers of the mystery novel hope that the mystery will suffice. They are content to give us plausible incidents, to make the thrilling parts bear the burden of the book. But when you have said of "The Heaven-Kissed Hill" that it concerns a young married couple who have a lonely cottage lent them in which they set out to live the simple life, only to find themselves in a situation of extreme complexity, even when you describe in detail the adventures which befall them, you have not given Mr. Fletcher's secret away. He has still something in reserve, other wares to take your fancy, as his charm of writing, his manipulation of detail in the smooth working of scene into scene. He can delight you with his descriptive effects, or he can give you a character sketch of two gipsy-hawkers, Mr. and Mrs. Zephany Shepperoe, as true to type as any in the pages of Romany literature. We do not miss the significance of Zephany's opportune appearance, from the point of view of the plot, but as the old caravan, heavily laden, sways its course across the grass-grown quarry, the author's imagination has made of the scene a picture that remains.

"Ravensdene Court" conforms closely to the type of the set detective novel. Salter Quick and his brother Noah are murdered on the same day and in the same way, Salter in Northumberland and Noah in Cornwall. Apparent clues lead nowhere. The police are baffled "and so will be the experienced reader," say the publishers in their descriptive note. Personally, I cannot judge of the success of the plot from my own slowness in guessing its secret. My fallibility in such matters is too great. But, after many wild-goose chases that have brought no clues, I think I have this case against Mr. Fletcher. Why does he delay so long in introducing the murderer—not, of course, in his villainous capacity, but as a character? All the cards in the game should be dealt, though they need not all be on the table. For the rest, there are thrilling situations, plenty of incident and a variety of characters.

M. S.

THE BYRON LETTERS.†

Byron was an excellent letter-writer, and his correspondence reflected his own vivid personality very accurately. He was one of those unwise people who confide the most intimate details of life and experience and thought to a number of friends in the irrefutable form of autograph letters. His was not the frequent case of a weak mind which felt the need of confession to a confidential friend: rather was it a compulsory expression of his rich temperament and agile mind, mixed with his own peculiar idiosyncrasy—the delight he felt in shocking his friends and the world in general. For it is true that the conventional figure of Byron, sinister and consumed by wild passions of lust and hate, was very largely his own creation by means of his autobiographical poems and his correspondence. The actual man was something far finer—a brave, warm-hearted, impulsive creature of the most acute sensitiveness—which when wounded caused him to retaliate in very vindictive fashion, as is the case with all abnormally sensitive people. The curse of his life was sex, the "besoin d'aimer"—or his "demon" as he termed it when in condemnatory mood. All the worst ills of his brief, passionate career arose from his many love affairs.

Consequently this aspect of his life is the most predominant in his self-revealing correspondence. It is particularly evident in the new letters now edited and published by Mr. Murray. These were the property of John Cam Hobhouse (Lord Broughton) in his capacity of Byron's executor. They were, in the main, addressed to him, to Douglas Kinnaird, and to Lady Melbourne. The series to Lady Melbourne is a remarkable revelation of psychology on both sides. These letters are perhaps the most intimate Byron ever penned, and relate the various courses of his love affairs during the years 1812–1815. That with Lady Caroline Lamb had waned, though her name recurs in almost every letter. Byron's love had turned to hate owing to her insatiable pursuit of him and her mad behaviour. Next came the intrigue with Lady Oxford, and the affair, on a different plane, with Lady Frances Webster. These were succeeded by the painful and perplexing problem of Byron's relations with his half-sister, Augusta Leigh. Lady Melbourne received his most intimate confessions on this matter, and seems to have reprobated it only in a half-hearted, bantering fashion. It will suffice here to state that the charge of incest against Byron is conclusively proved by his own letters to Lady Melbourne. In spite of this, Lady Melbourne brought about Byron's marriage with her niece, Annabella Milbanke, with what disastrous results and misery for both wife and husband is well known. The course of his preliminary courtship is fully related in these letters. An early allusion to Miss Milbanke will serve as an example of Byron's epistolary style when in light vein:

> "As to Annabella, she requires time and all the cardinal virtues, and in the interim I am a little verging towards one who demands neither, and saves me besides the trouble of marrying, by being married already. She besides does not speak English, and to me nothing but Italian—a great point, for from certain coincidences the very sound of that language is music to me, and she has black eyes, and *not* a very white skin, and reminds me of many in the Archipelago I wished to forget, and makes me forget what I ought to remember, all which are against me. I only wish she did not swallow so much supper—chicken wings, sweetbreads, custards, peaches and port wine; a woman should never be seen eating or drinking, unless it be *lobster salad* and *champagne*, the only truly feminine and becoming viands. I recollect imploring one lady not to eat more than a fowl at a sitting, without effect, and I have never yet made a single proselyte to Pythagoras."

Other characteristic Byronic phrases are: "Any woman can *make* a man in *love* with her; show me one who can *keep* him so! *You* perhaps *can* show me such a woman, but I have not seen her for these—*three weeks*." "Your friend Kolfkovsky was with me yesterday, complaining of the English husbands and the restrictions upon their wives, with whom he appears to have made little progress, but lays it all upon the *husbands*. I was obliged to comfort him with an assurance that the fault was all his own, and that husbands and wives are much the same here as elsewhere; it was impossible to hear them so traduced with patience." "Do you know I am constancy in the abstract, and am much more faithful to people on the 'high seas' than if they were on shore—I suppose from my natural love of contradiction and paradox." "She (Augusta Leigh) wants to go with me to Sicily, or elsewhere, and

* "The Heaven-Kissed Hill." By J. S. Fletcher. 5s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"Ravensdene Court." By J. S. Fletcher. 7s. (Ward, Lock.)

† "Lord Byron's Correspondence." Edited by John Murray. Illustrated. In two volumes. 25s. net. (John Murray.)

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I wish it also. . . . and she would take one of the children. Now Lady Oxford sickened me of *everybody's* children; besides, it is so superfluous to carry such things with people—if they want them, can't they get them on the spot?"

One could wish that Byron in his letters had commented more fully on the events and memories of his time. He gives a curious description of William Betty, the actor, in 1812, at the age of twenty-one—then vastly changed from the publicly adored "Young Roscius" of eight years earlier. And in 1817 Byron mentions that Murray positively asserted the author of "Waverley" to be Walter Scott's brother.

Byron went abroad in 1816, and never returned to England. The remainder of these letters detail his life, mainly at Venice, until its close in 1824. His friends had to hear all about his new love affairs with Italian women, such as Marianna Segati and the Countess Guiccioli —then a young girl fresh from a convent and married to a husband thirty or forty years older: "She is as fair as sunrise, and warm as noon." There is mention, too, of his illegitimate daughter, Allegra, by Clare Clairmont, and the Shelleys figure largely in the correspondence relating to this affair. Finally, Byron goes to Greece, and in one of the last letters in these volumes he says: "I embark for Messalonghi . . . I particularly require . . . credits to the uttermost, that I may get the Greeks to keep the field. Never mind *me*, so that the *cause goes on*." His life was to end finely six months later, and his biography remains a story of unfading interest.

S. M. ELLIS.

FRENCH HISTORY: TWO FINE "LIVES."*

In the closing weeks of 1921 two of our leading publishers gave us two leading books—a life of Danton and a life of Gambetta, both of them eminent Frenchmen of the first class and men whose lives were in some respect on the same lines. Each book is well done and well equipped with bibliography, indexes and references. The size and format range closely and the volumes are destined doubtless to stand near one another on many shelves of permanent reference. With respect to Lady Mary Loyd's translation from a recognised French master in M. Louis Madelin, perhaps the chief living authority on the French Revolution, it may at once be stated that it is quite saliently good translation of the order of Rossetti in poetry, of Teixeira de Mattos in prose. While one reads, thanks to this aid, Madelin on Danton just as fluently as one reads Stannard on Gambetta, there are no instances, so far as this critic has been able to see, where the original has been misrepresented or robbed of point. In one passage alone (that on p. 169) is it possible that of the British fleet a service man would have written "to be taken into action" or simply "for action" rather than the legal-sounding phrase used, which is "to take action." Louis Madelin, the French author, wants his readers to realise that the British fleet meant business.

Danton was a small farmer's son according to English "average acres," but in his native Champagne the Dantons were somebodies, even as in Tom Moore's rural I eland people looked up to "the woman of three cows." He read much while showing as a boy robust vigour, and in this respect was not unlike many farmers' sons. He carried to Paris the individualism of the farmer, his intense love of his native land. He told his tutor that all habit was antipathetic to his character, but this did not prevent him later on from developing remarkable capacity as an organiser. He was not what is called a gentleman, for he was loud, bullying, self-assertive and self-sufficient. Yet with all this he was a great man, able to repent, living essentially for his country and for others, not for himself. His biographer claims that "on a certain day he had saved France," and an even higher claim might conceivably be adduced, namely, that during the crisis of invasion he was not for days, but till his death, the rallying point of a perfect determination to clear the soil from invading pollution; there was even something of Achilles, as Homer shows him to us, in the man who seems to have felt that one way or another he was fated to fall. M. Madelin does not solve for us the problem which practically all Englishmen ask themselves when reading about the French Revolution: "Why were these men so murderous?" A letter quoted by our author and dated January, 1794, calls Danton Marius, but the Roman type of a sombre truculence bears little likeness to the blustering but essentially good-hearted Frenchman. What M. Madelin says on p. 243 is carefully translated and is, I believe, the whole position of his subject at the critical moment of the death sentence on Louis XVI. It does not argue truculence. Chuquet in his "Les Guerres de la Revolution" is the most grave of the impartial writers who have indicted Danton, but debauchery and overeating, even the suspected stealing of fine body-linen and silver plate, are not the things that we really are interested over. Nothing in M. Madelin's book points to the sour type of man who wants to kill every one who disagrees with him.

Léon Gambetta, born April 2nd, 1838, would, if alive to-day, be still the junior of Frederic Harrison and Dr. Clifford. He passed, in the closing days of 1882, and to many of us his name seems to belong to a comparatively remote era. If his life was short, the years of achievement were even more brief—1870–81 covers his *floruit*. Bronchitis had pulled him down by his fortieth year, and he formed his ministry of 1881 under physical difficulties. The father of Léon, Joseph Gambetta, was a Genoese who had at least one remarkable experience. He had made the long voyage to Valparaiso and back with Garibaldi and the Pope, the first being then a junior officer on a merchantman and the second a rising young Liberal abbé, Mastai Ferretti. The mother was a French girl bearing the romantic name of Orazie Messabie, and the father settled in France before Léon was born. Of the boy's physique we hear from Mr. Stannard nothing adverse, but Gambetta's biographer is forced to say of his manhood that all its work was done in defiance of physical weakness, that the triumph of a magnificent spirit was hardly won, and that it was really an old man who died in his forty-fourth year. The life of Gambetta up to 1870 has little surviving interest; it is enough to note that this young politician had come through his lessons quickly and that at thirty-two he was among the men who count.

The Empress Eugénie was never more womanly than when she asked in curiosity what particular offence the Bonapartist people had done to make him hate them so. The abstract hate like the abstract love is indeed difficult to realise. But it not only made Gambetta. It made him big. Nobody ever suspected him of "Cabinet jealousies" or injured *amour propre*. Entering Parliament as an advanced Liberal in January, 1870, he was able to make historic speeches in the session just before the Franco-Prussian war. When the Empire fell he became Home Secretary in the first Republican Administration. He was not yet thirty-three. Of his heroic efforts to organise the home defence and to animate the conscript and voluntary armies, history has already spoken in terms of ungrudging eulogy. Mr. Stannard can only echo those praises. He is on newer ground when describing the split between the Whigs and the Radicals, the moderate Republicans under Thiers and the advanced men under Gambetta which in 1873 nearly let in the Monarchy. The loyalty of Marshal MacMahon to the Constitution probably saved the country from civil war. In 1875 the leader of the Radicals formed that famous compact with the French Tories or Extreme Right ("Light Horse" is the actual lobby term) which dished the Moderates of the two Centres. It meant either a Democratic Republic or a Legitimate Monarchy at the next general election, and Gambetta saw clearly that the latter had no real chance. Mr. Stannard

* "Danton." By Louis Madelin. Translated by Lady Mary Loyd. (Heinemann.)—"Gambetta." By Harold Stannard. (Methuen.)

calls this a shameless transaction, but France was gayer at the time and laughed. The Democratic Republic which won hands down at the elections is the creation of Gambetta, and it stands to-day. Gambetta was to confer one other boon on his country. He stood for colonial expansion against the extremists of his own advanced camp. France owes to him Tunis directly and to some extent Cochin China also. The long and bitter war of Gambetta against the Catholic Church is minimised throughout Mr. Stannard's book. One does not know whether to praise or blame this reticence.

Of small, technical *corrigenda* the reviewer of these two books has extraordinarily few to make. Two of our publishers at least must possess French readers of rare vigilance, and I think that the writers must have been vigilant too. I wish that Mr. Stannard would print "the right" with a capital when he means the political party of that name—in English the Conservatives. The first Appendix (pp. 251–7) would have been better welded into the record of the early seventies to which it relates. On the other hand the romance of Gambetta's nine years' courtship of Léonie Léon is best treated as in the book and made a chapter of itself. The reader must fit in to the political record the mellowing effect of this gifted woman's views on the arch-democrat. She acted as his confidential envoy to his *bête noire*, the Pope, and this may particularly be noted in the annals of 1879. The book on Danton has been badly cut. Page 153, for example, is grotesquely unlevel at the top. But I have failed to detect the slightest misprint and the indexing is thorough. I should not myself have looked for "Rue de L'Ancienne Comédie" under "A, Ancienne," but any indexer knows that such difficulties are hardly to be resolved.

C. K. J.

A FIRST NOVEL.*

The publisher's wrapper informs me that "The History of Alfred Rudd" is Mr. E. V. Odle's first book. I do not know whether one is to understand that it is the first book which he has had published, or the first book he has written; if the latter, then his achievement is even more remarkable than the former. It is not a perfect book (there are no perfect books); there are irritating things in it; even the spelling is not always *sans reproche*. But it is an extraordinarily clever book in quite a number of ways. Indeed, I am not sure that at times Mr. Odle does not come within nodding distance of genius. To begin with, his central character (Alfred Rudd) is uncommon; he is first met as a bank clerk with the unawakened soul of a comedian, and the author actually carries him to the stage, where he becomes a successful funny man. Not a great tragedian, mark you, or a dashing lover, or even a musical comedy humorist—but an almost red-nosed funny man of the music halls. Yet he has a queer, shrinking, quaint idealism behind his comedian's skin, and it is this that nearly shipwrecks him. Then there is Jane, a born courtesan whose passionate nature is described with cruel frankness. Contrasting sharply is Emma, a strange mixture of prudery and a boldness informed by modern teaching, who achieves a startling triumph over her own modesty by offering herself to Alfred in order to save him from the influence of Jane. It is a book of surprises that are not, on examination, really surprising. Mr. Odle contrives to make his characters convincing, for whenever one is inclined to question their doings one is brought up short by the reflection that almost any daily newspaper can parallel their proceedings three days a week. Mr. Odle has a remarkable gift of characterisation; the old woman who keeps the lodging-house, for example, is drawn with unusual skill. I do not know that Alfred Rudd will be a highly popular character; a good many people are likely to condemn him roundly as a weak sensualist, but I am reminded of the great John Wesley's saying. And, after all, it takes all sorts to make a world. But one thing I am quite clear about: I hope Mr. Odle is already writing another book, that it will be published soon, and that I may have the pleasure of reading it.

Francis D. Grierson.

* "The History of Alfred Rudd." By E. V. Odle. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)

ALONE—BUT NOT ON MOUNT ERYX.

Why do Englishmen go to Italy? As well try to draw the claws of the sphinx, perhaps, as answer such a question. People write books and then go to Italy, or they go to Italy and then write books; and that's all there is to be said to it. But if there are no reasons, there are at least pretexts. In Chaucer's day these were diplomatic; one went as a Papal ambassador, and came back an unholy pagan. In Shakespeare's hey-day the gallants went south to study Petrarchan sonnets and erotic novelettes, Court dress and Court manners, and commune with porcelain shepherdesses. In the seventeenth century, which was dominantly political, the diplomatic motive served again. With Inigo Jones and Wren it becomes architectural. Inigo went over to imbibe strong doses of the Palladian style; Wren that he might surmount our tiny churches with diminishing Roman temples and pretend they were Gothic spires. In the early nineteenth—well, who shall say what the motives were in the early nineteenth? Partly architectural, perhaps, that those new stucco villas of the Regency might be adorned with classic pillars and arches and crowned with pretty little campanile belfries. Partly literary, that the new Romantic diction might be lavishly empurpled. Mainly social, that one's Cosmopolitan repartee might be enriched by abundant "Mio Caros" and "Eccos" and "Bene, molto benes."

If one accepts these two exotics* as testimony, the motive in our own day is psychological. Some people go to Italy for the same reason that others go to faith-healers or psycho-analysts—in order to overcome chill northern inhibitions, to indulge the rich subconscious self, to release in full creative flood those frozen, pent-up springs of energy or *libido*. Both Mr. Norman Douglas and Mr. Festing Jones seem to have realised their innate personalities in Italy as they might not have done anywhere else on this baffling globe. Their style is opulent, headlong, impulsive, sensuous, full-blooded, charged with joy, life-zest and laughter. Everything comes tumbling out pell-mell, from the shyest recesses of consciousness. Nothing is too trivial for expression, nothing too great. Mr. Festing Jones enlarges on a lost railway ticket—and the Immortality of the Soul; Mr. Norman Douglas on the proper method of flirting with little Italian seamstresses—and Heredity. His philosophy and technique are explicit: "What is the use of appealing in an objective fashion to the intelligence of a world gone crazy? Say your say. Go your way. Let them rave!" (This in war time.)

One can do that so well—in Italy. What is the secret? Is it the wine, the germinating sunshine, the beauty of a land so splendidly, youthfully old, the pervasive background of amorous adventure which Mr. Douglas contrives to hint at so darkly, so vaguely? His own definition is good, but not perhaps quite adequate:

> "The craving to be in contact with beauty and antiquity, the desire for self-expression, for physical well-being under that drenching sunshine which, while it lasts, one curses lustily; above all, the pleasure of memory and reconstruction at a distance."

He omits in the meantime, but hastens to confess later, one fundamental attribute of the compleat Italian traveller: a weakness for the lie circumstantial, for truth tinctured with large doses of fantasy, for what Mr. Festing Jones refers to naïvely as *poesia*. There, it would seem, is the key. *Poesia* is the joint creation of the wine, sunshine landscape, amours. *Poesia* follows the loosening of the

* "Alone." By Norman Douglas. 12s. 6d. (Chapman & Hall.)—"Mount Eryx, and Other Diversions of Travel." By Henry Festing Jones. 12s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

subconscious mind, with its electric charges of imagination. *Poesia* negates that worst of English inhibitions, veracity. *Poesia* lures the Englishman to Italy because there, he knows, he may indulge his instinct for elegant, voluptuous make-believe. If only Wilde had spent more time there than in Chelsea he would never have had to lament its decay.

In this sense both "Alone" and "Mount Eryx" may be said to be a little disappointing. They contain indubitable fact. Mr. Festing Jones, for instance, follows largely the old tracks of his devoted friend, Samuel Butler; particularly round the chapels on the Sacro Monte, Verallo, where people are profane enough to convert the statue of Adam and Eve in The Fall into Roman soldiers in the Capture of Christ, by a mere change of garment. (Our author's attempts at recognition were even more profane still.) Some of us, the uninitiate who had never read Mr. Festing Jones's fascinating "Memoir," might have been disinclined to associate the caustic author of "Erewhon" and "The Way of All Flesh" with Italy at all, and ready to accept the thing as a beautiful legend. But the proofs are incontrovertible. Butler wrote an account of the place called "Ex Voto"; his friend deposited Butler MSS. there for remembrance; and there are hosts of delightful people in his book who are proud to recall the philosopher, among them a landlady who remarks: "I have made you a risotto with chickens' livers, because I remember that our dear Mr. Butler was very fond of it."

Mr. Norman Douglas's precursor, whom he quotes chivalrously, is another undeniable entity—a Scots divine who travelled Italy under a black umbrella in the eighteen-twenties and wrote: "The Nooks and By-ways of Italy," by Craufurd Tait Ramage. Strange company, you will say, for the author of "South Wind" and "They Went." Strange, but true. But we find him also with Ouida, in an impassioned eulogy; with an infamous hunter of rats and mezzotints, who almost bequeaths him a library of erotic literature; with a tourist-parasite in Rome who tells him: "Never run after an omnibus or a woman. There will be another one round in a minute"; with snakes and lizards and decrepit cats in the Trajan Forum; with anybody, anywhere. It all comes of wandering alone, in order to indulge one's personal hates. Mr. Douglas must have as many robust hates as he found the Tuscan lingo had robust curses. They recur whenever no one is about.

Mr. Festing Jones is never alone, and has no hates. He has friends—*compari*—and little Italian godsons all over Sicily, and best part of the peninsula. The friends greet his three-score-years-and-ten with a "Stessissimo, not a day older." The boys confide in him impetuously. His pages are saturated not only with the sunshine of Italy, but of joyous companionship. To journey with him is to enjoy a perpetual *festa*.

TREVOR ALLEN.

THREE THRILLERS.*

There is, particularly to-day, a certain manly charm and "straight" vitality in these melodramatic and somewhat old-fashioned tales of Beauty among the Beasts. We recognise the conventionality of the type, the simple "rules of the game"; but here, at any rate, we can distinguish black from white, hero from villain: there is no confounding or hesitation about moral values.

Whether we read, in "Geoghan's Kid," of virtue tossed into the hectic vileness of tropical town life; in "The Settling of the Sage," of courage trapped by the subtle bullying of a cattle-boss; in "The White Hand of Justice," of the fair American and the human serpent of the Congo; we hate the scoundrels at first sight, and know they are destined to defeat.

To a large extent of course "Beauty" fights a lone hand against long odds—to provide drama and capture the reader's heart. But there are "white men" about, even in African swamps, western prairies, and the Chinese quarter of Kingstown, West Indies: cool saints in hot hells. Cinderella must find her Prince.

Mr. Ottwell Binns, indeed, provides his Madge with two stalwart knights-errant, a half-breed assistant-avenger and the "white hands" of Gabrielle La Fortune, to "shoot the villain dead." But then *her* particular "devil" had a big brain behind his black heart, knew Africa inside out and, like Conrad's great "Mr. Kurtz," held the cannibals of that "dark continent" in the hollow of his hand. He drugs, tortures and grievously mishandles all his adversaries with consummate address; each being "left for dead" at different crises of the plot. Where law simply does not exist and there is no official protection whatever for the simply good, this most diabolical of all blackguards could never have been brought to book by one nice man.

On the other hand Mr. Evarts has given us an uninterrupted duel of muscle and wits. His fair and brave "Billie Warren is the big he-coon of The Three Bars," and in her service the loyal Cal Harris, always and absolutely, must depend upon himself alone. He has indeed two rivals. Beside the suave, but black-hearted, villain, there was a quite excellent young man (standing for culture and civilisation) with whom Billie had always contemplated a return to society, after putting her father's ranch on its legs. He was sick to see her "part of the dance," where "the big voice wailed, 'Grab your girls for the grand right and left! Swing, rattle and roar. Clutch all pardners for a once and a half. Swing your gals and swing 'em high. Prance, scuffle and scrape.'"

Here, indeed, once Harris has forced his enemy into the open, the law and "public sentiment" are on his side. Billie herself is *not* "cut out for" society and, in the end, goes back to her man "for keeps."

Mr. Ralph does not work so obviously in the open, and his crusade for Barbara demands many more hands on board. Most of his world are devils: the Prince of Darkness wears many shapes, but seldom troubles about disguise. Fortunately when Barbara smiled most men became her slaves, and many recruits were thus secured for virtue. As there are here also women wearing Satan's livery, she badly needed all the help she could obtain. Nevertheless, she had two "leading gentlemen" on her side; each of whom "did his bit." The "Prince" of her young dreams is not, indeed, much above the average, but a gallant enough boy, handsome, conveniently rich and a real sport. We may not describe her "Beast," of our nursery memories, without giving away the unexpected originality of Mr. Ralph's *dénouement*; the real drama of his "cute" plot.

All these stirring stories recall the film, and would "move" well on the screen. "Geoghan's Kid" is Mr. Ralph's first-born, but nowhere betrays inexperience. He writes with practised ease; the sure, swift touch of an expert in the field.

Mr. Evarts has long worked in the open spaces of the wild. Hunter and hunted on the lone hills are his very familiar friends. We read his new tales of the old ways with a pleasure we know he will provide.

Mr. Ottwell Binns, too, is an old hand and knows his business. The "North Star" shone over his earlier tales: he has taken us far away to "Maloba," and written of weird "matings" among savage hordes.

But there is promise in Mr. Lester Ralph that may go far; hints of something towards a kind of "distinction" we scarcely expect in this class of work. Without neglecting the rules, keeping within the mechanical limits of crudely-coloured romance, swiftly exaggerating as to the manner born, he has yet dared a climax the most experienced reader could never have guessed, but will promptly accept; and someway, subtly, his style suggests that he does know what literature really means. The racy management of his narrative is frankly colloquial and direct.

* "Geoghan's Kid." By Lester Ralph. 7s. 6d. (Parsons.)—"The White Hands of Justice." By Ottwell Binns. 7s. (Ward, Lock.)—"The Settling of the Sage." By Hal G. Evarts. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

There are no Conrad "twists" or "modern" phrase-torturings to confound plain men; but it is all "sound" English, actually thereby more attractive, more convincing and more satisfying to those who like even "standardised" fiction to be well told.

R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON.

RECENT POLAR EXPLORATION.*

Many hours, as a boy, did I spend poring over the record of Dr. Kane's travels in Arctic regions; many hours, of late, I have spent in reading the fascinating stories told by men who have penetrated the Northern and Southern ice-bound fastnesses; and always the tale seems new. It is thrilling even to read of their work, their far wanderings, their courage in danger; what must the actual experience be like?

The poles, the imaginary pivots upon which our planet turns, have not always been the object of these cold-proof explorers; not until the idea of a North-West Passage, a shorter route to India, gripped a few adventurers in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, did polar voyages really begin. Frobisher in 1578 ascertained that openings existed among the chaos of untravelled lands to the north of America, and John Davis in 1585 was the first to visit the west coast of Greenland since the abandonment of the Norse colonies. The Dutch tried the eastward route, north of Asia, Barents in 1596 discovering Spitzbergen; and then the names of Hudson, Baffin, Fox, Mackenzie, Scoresby, Bering, Cook, Franklin, Ross, Parry, and others bring the story nearer to our own times. In 1848 the first of the search expeditions for Sir John Franklin was dispatched, and from then till 1854 about fifteen expeditions were sent out by England and America in the hope of tracing the missing party. Even in 1857, ten years after Franklin had perished, Lady Franklin expended all her available means in one last effort—the voyage of the little yacht *Fox*, under McClintock. One cannot enlarge on these magnificent, pertinacious journeys in so brief an article, but it is established that the loss of Franklin led directly to the discovery of 7,000 miles of coast-line, as well as to much scientific information.

And now, continuing the great tradition, we have the splendid record of Knud Rasmussen's travels, "Greenland by the Polar Sea," being the diary of his fourth Thule Expedition in 1917. Since 1903 Rasmussen has almost lived with the Eskimos of Greenland, and apart from the adventures of the party itself, his book is full of information about this unfamiliar race. He knows their language perfectly, and is the ideal man for the work, for he was born in Greenland, and his enthusiasm is boundless. "It was his firm support and example," says Admiral Sir Lewis Beaumont in the preface, "which saved the party from death on the return journey." With excellent illustrations and maps, and a running comment that is far from a mere statement of what happened, the book enables readers to follow intimately the perils and successes of this daring advance, and to appreciate the addition to the general store of knowledge which Knud Rasmussen has achieved.

"The Friendly Arctic," the story of five years in North polar regions, should be read in conjunction with Rasmussen's book. Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the author, has much to say about the desirability of the Arctic regions as a place of residence; it appears to be much warmer on an average than Golder's Green, and in the summer almost unbearably hot. A little fun must be pardoned—Stefansson is such a good special pleader, and so very sure of himself. "Like the typical explorer," he says, "I was brave and prepared to fight the best fight I knew how and to die if necessary for the advancement of science." After a seventeen-hour walk on difficult ground, he observes: "I was, of course, not tired"; and it is this note, so different from the Shackleton and Scott self-effacement, which continually grates upon the reader, also a subtle depreciation of the methods of other travellers, entirely gratuitous. However, Stefansson is entitled to the distinction of having added about 100,000 square miles of the Arctic to our store of knowledge, and apart from the points just mentioned, his finely illustrated tale of the longest period ever spent in polar seas is a wonderful fresh record of adventure and discovery. He claims to have proved that it is possible to "live off the land" in the Arctic; that is, to travel almost indefinitely and yet by hunting and sealing and fishing to find enough satisfactory food to carry on. "To the members of our expedition," he writes, "the glamorous and heroic polar regions are gone, and in their place is a friendly but commonplace country. To the reader the same will be true in proportion as he succeeds in seeing, either through this narrative or through our technical volumes, that it is the mental attitude of the southerner that makes the North hostile. It is chiefly our unwillingness to change our minds which prevents the North from changing into a country to be used and lived in just like the rest of the world." Even so, after reading of some of this explorer's own experiences, it seems to me that his own story contradicts this rosy conclusion on several occasions, and I cannot foresee any extensive migration to the "friendly Arctic" just yet.

There is one great difference between Northern and Southern exploration. The Antarctic wastes appear absolutely lifeless, isolated and desolate, after a certain latitude is reached; even the scanty vegetation of the Northern summer has no counterpart there. We may be pardoned, perhaps, for feeling some more close connection with this region, for of late years the names associated with it have become familiar to us all. Mr. Herbert Ponting's book, "The Great White South," reviewed in our December number, has told the story of the British Antarctic Expedition of 1910 from the point of view of the artist; his chief duty was to obtain permanent pictorial records of scenery and events, and most thoroughly did he carry it through. In the book by Captain Evans, C.B., D.S.O., R.N., entitled "South with Scott," that immortal story is told again. So full of adventure is it, so splendid is the example set of perseverance and undaunted pluck by all concerned, that we could welcome the idea of a book from each member of the party. Captain Evans, second in command, took over leadership after the death of Captain Robert Falcon Scott, whose name is for ever linked with the British journey to the South Pole. He reached it, on January 17th, 1912, "a horrible day, temperature 22° below zero," only to find that Amundsen's Norwegian party had forestalled him by a month, having had the best of luck with weather, while Scott had suffered all the difficulties imaginable. And Scott, as we know, perished on the return journey, almost within touch of fresh stores. Sad indeed is the chapter in which Captain Evans tells of this final struggle, and it leaves a sense of heartbreak, in spite of the admiration that can never fade. The book is a great work, and has been prepared with an especial care "for Britain's younger generations," who, we believe, will read and re-read it with breathless interest.

Sir Ernest Shackleton's "South" gives the story of the 1914–1917 expedition in a cheap and handy edition which was brought to our readers' notice, with Mr. Ponting's volume, in the December issue. It has of course a particular interest at the present moment, when Sir Ernest has for the last time journeyed within that "magic circle" which claimed the whole energy, and sometimes the lives, of those who penetrate its icy mysteries. After Sir Ernest, Frank Wild carries on the great tradition. The first ship to approach the Antarctic Circle was the *Good News*, a yacht of 150 tons, in 1599. In 1775 Cook reached what was then "farthest south," and in 1841 Ross broke Weddell's 1823 record, discovering Mounts Erebus and Terror, and the wonderful "Barrier." After that we leap a few years and come to the indefatigable explorers of our own day—Scott, Amundsen, Shackleton.

Throughout the ages, men of a certain type have been willing to make sacrifices, even to life itself, for knowledge,

* "Greenland." 36s. (Heinemann.)—"The Friendly Arctic." 30s. (Macmillan.)—"Great White South." 30s. (Duckworth.)—"South with Scott." 10s. 6d. (Collins.)—"South." 10s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

in the quiet of the laboratory as in the adventures of the open. Not least among them must we place those who fight against fearful odds of cold so intense that brief exposure means death, who, however carefully plans are worked out beforehand, take risks of privation that might cause the bravest, one would think, to hesitate. And we may hope, in conclusion, that the voyage of the gallant little *Quest* will place her name in the list of ships, and the name of her captain in the list of men, whose records will stand for long in the glorious line of Antarctic exploration due to British enterprise and heroism.

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

BEOWULF.*

Mr. Chambers has written previously the introduction and notes to Mr. A. J. Wyatt's edition of the Anglo-Saxon text of "Beowulf," a new issue of which was published in 1914, and is still in print. The "best working translation" into modern English prose was made by Mr. T. R. Hall-Clark, and appeared in 1911, followed three years later by a metrical version, the work of the same hand. These bibliographical points are enumerated for the information of readers who may wish to know whether the poem is accessible before undertaking its study with the help of Mr. Chambers's singularly elaborate work. It may be added in this connection that all our knowledge of "Beowulf" depends from a single text, preserved in the British Museum, which manuscript "is removed from the date when the poem was composed and from the events which it narrates by a period of some five centuries." Round this unique codex Mr. Chambers tells us that "a whole library has been written," and although the methodised bibliography which he prints at the end of his volume is not absolutely exhaustive it occupies over thirty pages. His own contribution to the subject, most considerable of all in its dimensions, is the work of an Anglo-Saxon scholar who, for all practical purposes, may be said to know the whole Beowulf literature. It is something more than a mere introduction to the study, as the sub-title claims: it is rather an analysis and epitome of all that is known and an authoritative critical comparison of the various conflicting views. The heads of the consideration may be reduced and summarised as (1) the historical and non-historical elements of the poem; (2) theories as to its origin, date and structure; (3) analysis of documents illustrating the stories in "Beowulf"; (4) an exhaustive study of the Finnsburg fragment, being an independent version of one episode recorded in the poem; (5) the mythology of the poem, and on this part of the subject it may be noted that its Christian elements are examined in other sections, to determine their compatibility with the rest of the text and what has been called its heathen tone, more particularly as regards certain funeral rites. Summarising all the evidence so far available, Mr. Chambers decides that it is "a production of the German world enlightened by the new faith." The volume will be indispensable to students and to those who are not of this category but desire to be conversant with the latest authoritative criticism of a poem which stands at the fountain-head of English literature. Of the problems which encompass "Beowulf" it is impossible to speak here, or of its importance from the historical standpoint, and its interest from that of folk-lore. For the few among us to whom it is little more than a name we may add that the hero is a prince of the Geatas, understood as the Götar by Mr. Chambers, or inhabitants of what is now part of Southern Sweden. Beowulf visits Denmark and destroys Grendel, a monster which haunts the King's hall at night and slays all therein. Moreover, he kills Grendel's mother "in her home beneath the waters." He returns thereafter to his native land, becomes king of the Geatas, and after a long reign encounters yet another monster, in the form of a dragon, which he destroys in like manner, but on this occasion at the expense of his own life.

A. E. WAITE.

* "Beowulf: An Introduction to the Study of the Poem." By R. W. Chambers. 30s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

Novel Notes.

THE GARDEN PARTY. By Katherine Mansfield. 7s. 6d. (Constable.)

Mr. S. P. B. Mais, writing six months ago on the art of the short story, placed Miss Katherine Mansfield, with Galsworthy, Henry James and Kipling, among the greatest modern writers in this field of fiction. It was a brave comparison, and the march of events has confirmed its truth. "Bliss" was a remarkable achievement. In "The Garden Party," a deepened sense of character and a widening in the range of vision show that Miss Mansfield has not been content only to repeat a success. Modern of the moderns, her skill is never greater than when she is alone with her characters, exploring with them the recesses of their minds. From her keen eye nothing is hidden. Yet there are no secrets for the curious or the morbid-minded in her work, nothing of that exclusive preoccupation with sex which shackles so much of modern fiction. The puzzle of life, to her so absorbing, is many-sided, and can never be solved from one viewpoint alone. Her men and women live ordinary lives, yet such is her skill that the studies never seem to us trivial. Even the shortest and slightest of the tales sets the imagination wandering. The lightning movement of Miss Mansfield's mind is her own secret and the impression of aliveness which her writings leave is their own especial charm. Short, quick sentences that pause only long enough to unload their cargo of meaning before they give place to others as laden, economy in the use of words, with every touch telling—these are characteristics of her style. A word might be said of her nature-descriptions, of their exactness and clear-cut imagery: "The willow trees, outside the high, narrow windows, waved in the wind. They had lost half their leaves. The tiny ones that clung wriggled like fishes caught on a line." The study entitled "Life of Ma Parker" we would single out from the tales in the book as perhaps the finest and most tender thing Miss Mansfield has done. There are now two charwomen in literature. One is John Galsworthy's immortal portrait of "The Mother" in "A Commentary." The other is Katherine Mansfield's Mrs. Parker. Lovers of Sir J. M. Barrie may care to add a third.

THE FITTEST PLACE. By Helen Sheehan-Dare. 6s. net. (Daniels.)

The war has provided material for a vast quantity of stories, and although the horror of it has passed from actual life, it will be a long time before it is eliminated from fiction. And what wonder? The grim background of army tents and battle-fields, the strangeness of it all, the stress of emotion, the thousand and one tests of character, create a profitable hunting-ground for writers. Miss Sheehan-Dare's novel takes us back to the tragic four years that, like a river of blood and tears, divide the things that are from the things that used to be. Margaret O'Connell teaches elementary French to any of the "Tommies" in the encampment near her home who care to attend the classes. Wellesley Esmond is also working among the men, and Margaret speculates as to why he, an able-bodied young man, has not donned khaki and shown his readiness to serve his country. She learns his reason in due course, and through their discussions sees beyond the surface causes of war, deep down to the root causes. She blames herself for the part she has unwittingly played in bringing such conflict about—by her indifference and her acquiescence in a system that engenders war. Esmond, risking his life in tending the wounded at the front, conceives a wild scheme for achieving peace. He gets into Germany by means of an aeroplane—and the result of his plan brings the book to a dramatic close. It is partly a propaganda novel, but also a stirring story of love and heroism in a dark period of history, and one that would probably have caused controversy if it had been published while the war was in progress.

THE STREET OF A THOUSAND DELIGHTS. By Jay Gelzer. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

It is a long time since we read a book so well written as this. There is a finish about each of the stories that is delightful. They are gems in a necklace—a comparison the more apt because there is a thread of interest connecting each story with the others. The quaint Chinese idiom is employed only in the right places, and each character, white or yellow, is convincing. If any of the gems shine more brightly than their neighbours they are, perhaps, "The Chinese Lily" and "The Gorgeous Jest"; one cannot read them without feeling a lump in the throat. Who "Jay Gelzer" is we do not know; but if this should meet his eye we beg him to believe that this reviewer removes the Hat of Humility before the Splendour of his Scrolls and offers him his detestably inferior Homage.

PATSY IN BOHEMIA. By Mayell Banister. 7s. 6d. (Page.)

Patsy is modern, restless, a sensation-hunter, yet at the close of the day a pure and natural girl. Unluckily she has made a wretched marriage, so when she finds Jim Carstairs, her real mate, she is already bored and reckless. They meet at a party in Bohemia. Carstairs, with closely-cropped hair, quietly-assured manners and well-groomed appearance, looks attractive among the weird youths present; and as for Patsy, she is cool as a very experienced woman (or a flapper who knows everything or nothing). A beautiful enigma. Mr. Banister proceeds to take us through a curious world, the world of tiny restaurants crowded with haggard and witty folk, who also frequent high-art clubs, and luxurious flats, full of Oriental cushions. We see the neurotic, gay, absurd aspirants after Fame. In the centre are always Carstairs and Patsy, violently coping with a cruel Fate. They love; and are in despair. "You have shown me," says poor, wild Patsy at the end, "that the convention I thought I despised can blister and burn." Her face is deadly white and weary, and her lids droop over deep-shadowed eyes. Sad, clever work.

THE HOUSE OF SUCCESS. By Darrell Figgis. 7s. 6d. net. (Co-operative Publishing Society.)

Mr. Figgis's motive is explicit. He contrives to show, within one family, the evolution of Ireland from Parnell to Sinn Fein. Jeremiah Hare, of poor Connemara parentage, builds up a big business in patent medicines and, in due time, the House of Success. He uses a Reverend Father and a trumped-up libel case as an advertisement, waiving magnanimously the damages, of course. What matter? Parnell is dead. To the son Diarmuid the Chief is never dead. The martyrs are unfurled flags beckoning to battle. "I'm going to fight, and smash, and we're going to have an Ireland fit for people to live in," he cries; and fights, as a Sinn Fein gunman, in the Easter rebellion. His reaction from materialism is helped indirectly by the others: his brother, place-seeker; Bronty, the Fenian; his passive mother; O'Maille, the quizzically-wise schoolmaster; the secretary, who relates the story, with his intuitive understanding of father and son. If that were all, it would be just a competent novel. But, as in all successful art, the original conception is transcended. The conflict becomes a spiritual one not merely between father and son, but the father he is and the son he was, reincarnated in Diarmuid. Jeremiah in fact is the crux of the book. He is not content with success, but must for ever be evolving a philosophy out of it. We suspect a materialist with a philosophy. It means that something deep down in the subconscious will not let him rest. And when we are told he has bad dreams o' nights, we are at once on the track of "repressions." The House of Success has vaults where old ideals lie buried; and when the son reincarnates these, the suffering of Hare is tragic indeed. It is this which lifts the book to an honourable level and inspires Mr. Figgis's quiet, convincing style, which rises at times to Gaelic richness, as when he writes: "There are silences that are the absence of sound, and there are silences that are like the spears of a host."

THE PHARISEES. By M. Morgan Gibbon. 7s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

Miss Morgan Gibbon's latest novel is the study of a weak character, drawn with that same skill and knowledge of human nature that her earlier books have revealed. Its setting is the wild beauty of the Welsh hills. David Harrington, brought up to the little hypocrisies of convention, lacks courage to be true to himself; as a boy his temperament forces him into petty deceptions, into a struggle to appear to be what he is expected to be. Possessed of that dreamy fancifulness the Celts claim as characteristic of their race, he lacks the deeper, rarer gift of imagination, which makes for sympathy and understanding, and would most certainly have prevented his degeneration into a callous, selfish, despicable husband. In the first part of the book we are inclined to excuse his failings, entering, as we do, into the workings of his mind; but in the second part we see him chiefly through the eyes of others, and his redeeming qualities seem to have vanished. The little country girl he marries, simple and docile and the victim of his bullying and infidelity, and Margaret, the girl he jilted, are admirable studies of contrasting types. It is so admirable a piece of work otherwise that we regret the plot of the story should depend so much upon coincidences—which inevitably rob it to some extent of realism.

MORE TISH. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Many types of heroine have been overworked, but not the plain, humorous, sporting spinster of fifty. Mrs. Rinehart's three new tales about the undaunted Tish will have warm welcome. They are merry and natural, even occasionally laughable and ridiculous, and in short, they do us good. Very amusing is the story entitled "The Cave on Thunder Cloud," which gives the adventures of Tish and her two middle-aged American friends on tour with a donkey. In a nook on the hill-side, cold and neuralgic, they are discovered by a young man, who confesses that he is the great detective Muldoon, out to capture certain train robbers who are hiding in these very solitudes. Right glad are the travellers to greet him; they bathe tenderly his swollen ankle; he makes them feel brave again (they have been rather terrified of certain men with guns, lurking in bushes). It transpires that Muldoon, to whom they have been so kind, is one of the aforesaid robbers himself, and the story finishes in a gust of fun. The other tales are equally bright and airy.

The Bookman's Table.

THE ECONOMICS OF SOCIALISM (MARX MADE EASY). By H. M. Hyndman. 10s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)

It is a curious but noteworthy fact that so many makers of great discoveries and enunciators of new truths should be singularly incapable of setting forth these discoveries and truths in a manner simple and lucid enough to bring them home to the ordinary wayfaring man. Thus the discoveries of Darwin needed a Huxley to popularise them; and Karl Marx's economic and social theories have had to be filtered through the clear and always readable style of Mr. H. M. Hyndman to reach the English masses who, with others, were the subject of so much of his study and the object of his exhortations. For it is a strange thing that Marx, who has been so much talked of and whose followers are now to be counted by the million, has been so little read. Here was a man who had, as he conceived it, a message of hope and liberation for the workers, but whose verbal style was crabbed and by no means easy. Mr. Hyndman's book is founded upon a series of lectures delivered nearly thirty years ago. After having been out of print for many years they have now been revised, largely rewritten and considerably expanded. In them is to be found a lucid and succinct account of all the principal Marxian theories. But the most interesting part is the

author's chapter on the "Final Futility of Final Utility." Here the "whole bourgeois school of Jevonians and Fabians," orthodox economists like Marshall and Foxwell, and socialists like Sidney Webb and Bernard Shaw, are crushed and annihilated to the entire satisfaction of this doughty protagonist. But these poor bourgeois are not the only victims of the "G.O.M. of English Socialism." If it is sport to see the engineer hoist with his own petard, it is most entertaining to see the heavy guns of Marx turned on those ultra-Marxists of our time, the Russian Bolshevists. Bolshevism is described as a "combination of personal ambition and fanatical materialism applied under conditions which render any realisation of scientific Socialism absolutely impossible." It is a "kind of Collective Czarism," a "hideous travesty of Marxism," running "directly counter to the entire teachings of scientific and political economy and social evolution." It is sad to think that this clamant, but always lively and manly voice, should so recently have been stilled.

COMMONWEALTH OR EMPIRE: WHICH SHOULD IT BE? By Ernest Law, C.B. 5s. (Selwyn & Blount.)

Perhaps the main criticism to direct against this little book is that made by the author himself. Fifteen of his sixteen chapters are, according to him, filled with "mere verbal discussions, that have already occupied too many pages." The subject of these discussions and indeed the sole object of the book, as implied in its title, is that the time is now propitious for changing the name of the "British Empire" to the "British Commonwealth." The author contends that it is no mere pedantic wrangle over words, and though he devotes much space to what may be termed the philological and historical aspects of the question, he claims that it is a practical matter. The Prince of Wales and General Smuts are quoted in support of the suggested changed appellation, and the point is made that Shakespeare frequently used the word "Commonwealth" when speaking of England, and that it was the citation of this practice of the poet that carried the day when it was decided to call Britain's antipodean colonies the "Commonwealth of Australia." Naturally the writer favourably contrasts the freedom-loving community of nations known as the British Empire with the now defunct Empires of Europe, but he need not have marred his pages by the use of such raucous and vulgar words as "Hun" and "Boche" to designate the ill-starred inhabitants of the late enemy countries.

MEN AND STEEL. By Mary Heaton Vorse. 3s. 6d. net. (Labour Publishing Co.)

To read this arresting book by the American journalist, Mrs. Vorse, is to remember it in a series of vivid pictures glowing with life and colour—exquisitely real. The author possesses a wonderful power of diction, and her descriptions of the vast American steel works haunt the imagination. In trenchant language she describes the hopeless lives of the workers enslaved by the mighty forces of industry. She does not waste words, she does not sentimentalise, she writes straightforwardly of things she has seen and known. She calls up visions of roaring furnaces, red-hot steel, enormous machines compared to which men are like ants; visions of miles of "pit-scarred country, open pits yawning, open pits half a mile across, red as blood, pits so deep that the engines crawling up their flanks look like beetles." Visions of the steel workers "streaming from the mills. Night and morning the streets of the steel towns are black with steel workers. . . . The men going to work walk with their heads down. They lurch as if heavy with sleep. They walk fast; they don't talk; they look neither to right nor left, but with heads down they plunge forward as though the mill gates sucked them in. They meet the shift coming off. The men are worn with fatigue and their eyes are hollow, but they chat together. They are going home to food and to bed. . . ." Visions of women keeping cheerful in the face of despair; washing their white window curtains—their "flag of defiance" against the prevailing dirt. Visions of children playing on rubbish dumps—for the mighty works destroy all the beauty of the country-side, and there is nowhere else for the children to play. And thus conveying something of the misery that enters into the souls of those sacrificed to the monster machines, she leads up to the big steel strike of 1918–19, its causes and defeat. Her book is a caustic criticism of the system under which we exist, and should be read by all who would know and try to remove the wrongs that lie at the root of the world's unrest.

SONGS OF THE OPEN. By Teresa Hooley. 2s. 6d. net. (Jonathan Cape.)

An intense love of the open, of wind, and rain, and sunshine, and flowers and trees—and a deep reverence of things sacred; these are the impressions that are strongest in our mind as we read through this little book of poems. There is power and grace and imagination in Miss Hooley's work which should gain for her swift recognition as a poet. Her attitude in "June Dusk" gives some idea of the mood most predominant in her book:

"They're dancing now in London
(The summer's sweet and new).
I'd rather walk at twilight,
Here in the fields at twilight,
Through buttercups and clover,
Barefooted in the dew.

"They're dancing now in London
(The summer's new and sweet).
I'd rather feel the clover,
The meadow vetch and clover,
And the dear cool grass of twilight
Beneath my naked feet."

The book contains many a cameo gem; the description of "the little hills of Charnwood" for instance:

"More blue than dark delphiniums,
Or violets in the lane,
Or the bloom on ripened damsons,
They show before the rain."

Or the vivid description of the "Night Wind" which begins:

"The wind is wild to-night.
The little wood, exultant, shouts and sings;
Out in the dark the sky is full of wings
In swift mysterious flight."

It is difficult to give here much idea of the scope of the book, but it should be found sufficiently wide to satisfy all who like reading of the open air, and nature in her varied moods. Miss Hooley's book is not the kind that one reads, lays down, and forgets. It is a book that will insist on being remembered.

DEATH AND ITS MYSTERY: BEFORE DEATH. By Camille Flammarion. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

"Science," Sir William Thompson said nobly, "is under bonds, by the eternal principles of honour, to look fearlessly in the face every problem that is presented to her." And the greatest of all problems that passionately vexes men's minds—never more than to-day—is whether or no there is a soul that survives the death of the body, either in space or on other worlds or through earthly reincarnations. M. Flammarion declares himself not yet entirely satisfied with his book, the result of work entered upon more than half a century ago, but he has decided to offer it to the attention of thinking men. He discusses and combats the doctrines of Materialism, which he characterises as erroneous, incomplete and insufficient, and proceeds to examine and analyse the various manifestations that suggest the powers and existence of psychic forces as distinct from and severed from the body; hypnotic phenomena, telepathy, psychic transmissions at a distance, vision without eyes, vision of future events, prophetic knowledge of the future. The instances he recounts are of extraordinary force and exactness, and he draws from them a complete certainty of the existence of a soul that is not involved in the material life of the body. He has completed and will presently publish two other volumes, one dealing with the moment of dying, and the period after death. The three will sum up his whole faith and doctrine on the subject.

Music.

MOZART AT THE OLD VIC.

By GEORGE SAMPSON.

THE Old Vic. is an amazing place. Possibly because in appearance it represents the general idea of a theatre as it materialised itself to me in boyhood, before the flood of palatial new buildings dazzled us with cream and gold incrustations, *vieux rose* upholstery, and Byzantine drop curtains, or else because my visits to it have invariably resulted in deep and enduring delight, I never enter its dingy interior without feeling something like the thrill of expectancy that gladdens youth by its presence and saddens age by its absence, and has at last to be sought again in the magic pages of Lamb. Do you remember—"But when we got in, and I beheld the green curtain that veiled a heaven to my imagination, which was soon to be disclosed—the breathless anticipation I endured"?

I am tempted to say something about the recent Shakespearean productions at the Vic., but as I abhor anything in the nature of a digression (as readers must have noticed), I sternly adhere to my proper subject, which happens to be not Shakespeare but Mozart. Now of Mozart many things may be said, but this chiefly, that he is the musician whom all musicians love. Stravinsky may perpetrate atrocities in "Le Sacre du Printemps," but he adores the composer of "The Magic Flute." Busoni may hammer out his terrible Toccata and furiously push down more notes at once than any two hands have ever pushed before, till the stricken Steinway seems to plead for mercy; but you should hear him delicately and almost affectionately exhibiting the perfections of that perfect composition the D minor Concerto!

High in rank both among Mozart's works and among the world's best music stand the three great operas, "Don Giovanni," "The Marriage of Figaro" and "The Magic Flute." There are many other operas of his, and you can read about them all in "Mozart's Operas," by Mr. E. J. Dent (Chatto & Windus), a most interesting volume, full of good history and good criticism. Mr. Dent has said some stupid things about Bach; but he says nothing stupid about Mozart.

Now these operas, to casual observation, are very ordinary and very old-fashioned compositions. They contain separate solos, duets and concerted numbers, some of which seem like halts by the way and reflections on things in general, the story being carried on at intervals by dialogue, either spoken, or set to "dry" recitative with occasional chords on the piano to mark the progressions. Such works should, according to modern views of opera and dramatic music, have died and disappeared long ago; and yet, though composed for the elegant age that preceded the fall of the French Monarchy and the extinction of the Holy Roman Empire, they have never been off the stage since their first production, and they have never been absent from the affections of a single generation. They have seen the splendid rise and partial eclipse of Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, Weber, Auber and Meyerbeer; they will outlast Puccini and Mascagni; and they will be sung

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when the larger part of Wagner and Verdi have vanished for ever from the stage. To the operas of Mozart only one country has ever produced anything like a parallel, and that country is our own—England, supreme in poetry, supreme in landscape art, once great in music and some day to be great again "if England to herself do rest but true." The operas of Gilbert and Sullivan, in their much smaller way, are the most Mozart-like compositions ever written: because they are true to the Mozart spirit without being in the least imitations of the Mozart manner.

Wolfgang Amade Mozart.
An unfinished portrait by Josef Lange (1791).
From "Mozart's Operas: A Critical Study," by Edward J. Dent (Chatto & Windus).

Of the three great operas, two stand in a place apart. "The Marriage of Figaro" is a delightful comedy, containing some of Mozart's very best airs. Who does not know "Non più andrai" and "Voi che sapete"? Not so popular, but in the very highest rank of vocal music, are the Countess's "Dove sono" and Susanna's "Deh vieni." Indeed the opera is full of gems, and sparkles irresistibly along; but, after all, it is nothing more than perfectly brilliant musical comedy. It is a great deal to be that, but we reach a higher level when we have to write "something more," instead of "nothing more." The greatest works of art are not merely entire, self-enclosed and self-sufficient things; they are "outposts on the infinite." They give us not merely themselves, but the sense of something afar, beyond themselves. "Hamlet" is much more than a story of murder, incest and revenge; it is the most disquieting play ever written. So "Don Giovanni" is much more than the life and death of a gallant. It is humorous, sometimes deliberately comic; but nevertheless it thrills with echoes from the dim distance where the eternal verities have their home. This is even more true of the greatest of them all, "The Magic Flute," which I call without hesitation sacred music. Infinitely enjoyable, sometimes laughable, always appealing, as full of tenderness as the eyes of a dog, it is nevertheless (to those who have ears to hear) some of the most soul-searching music ever written. You might measure yourself by your capacity to hear it.

To the production of these three wonderful works the little company at the Old Vic. bravely addressed themselves; and let me say at once that they bravely succeeded. The difficulties are appalling. "Don Giovanni," for instance, needs eight principals—two dramatic sopranos, one lighter soprano, one first-rate baritone, one buffo-baritone, two basses and one tenor! Each of these principals has important solo parts and equally important parts in concerted numbers. In "The Marriage of Figaro" there are three female parts of equal importance, and the success of the opera depends upon the extent to which the three *prime donne* forgo operatic jealousy and play for each other's success as much as for their own. I have heard some of the world's greatest singers in these Mozart operas—Patti, Sembrich, Lilli Lehmann, Destinn, Claire Dux, Ed. de Reszke, Maurel, Caruso and so on; but I have not enjoyed any performances more than those I heard at the Old Vic. Each work was played for the work's sake and not for the glorification of any person or persons.

For this, great credit is due to Mr. Clive Carey, who was chiefly responsible for the productions. His restoration of the Finale to the "Don" was a triumphant success. I had never heard it before; but henceforward "Don Giovanni" without its epilogue will be as intolerable to me as the Ninth Symphony without its choral conclusion. But I should like to ask Mr. Carey reproachfully why he cut out the sextet "Riconosci in questo ampleso" in Act III of "Figaro." This is not merely a delightful number, but necessary to the story, for, without it, the dramatically essential fact of Figaro's parentage appears a point of no importance. I hope, too, he won't mind if I suggest that his stage production is better than his vocal production. As Figaro he was capable, but rather too much like Tony Lumpkin; as Don Giovanni he was far too much like Ralph Roister Doister. And, since I am being unpleasant, I might as well get it all over at once, and ask whether Mr. Steuart Wilson ought ever to attempt the music of Don Ottavio. The part, we all know, is most ungrateful; still, it was big enough for Caruso; and if I could call up that great artist for one song only, it would, without hesitation, be for one of the two solos in "Don Giovanni."

Mr. Sumner Austin is a real acquisition. He has a very fair voice and a sound sense of the stage. He played in all three productions. His Leporello was in the grim and desperate vein of Fugère, a French singer whom some of us remember with delight; his Papageno, though rather unfinished in places, was a delightful conception, and his Count was properly important and authoritative. Miss Muriel Gough also appeared in all three operas. Young lady aspirants to vocal honours should frequent the Vic. merely to hear Miss Gough's admirable articulation. Not a syllable of her part is lost—and I have heard English singers of name and note singing in English, and leaving me in total ignorance, not merely of what they were singing about, but of what language they were singing in! Not so Miss

Gough. In voice and acting she was as good a Zerlina and Susanna as you could ever wish to meet; and then with staggering versatility (as R. L. S. says) she turned herself into the Queen of Night, a part that needs two voices, a dramatic soprano for the declamation, and a "coloratura" voice able to ripple up to F above the stave! The part was written for a freak voice, and scarcely one singer in a century can sing "Gli angui d'inferno" in its original key. Miss Gough is not a freak, but she came through with vocal and dramatic honours. Another almost impossible part is Sarastro's. For this you want a real deep "basso cantante" who is also a man of majestic figure. If any low baritone imagines he is a bass, let him try to get one of Sarastro's songs across the footlights! Mr. Arnold Beauvais was really quite good, and certainly conveyed the great dignity of Sarastro—that parent of so many operatic high priests, from Oroveso to Ramfis.

But here I am, with my space almost used up, and no room to praise Miss Kennard for her excellent Pamina and Donna Elvira, or Mr. Harrison (a very sound and capable artist) for his Masetto, and Gardener, and double parts in "The Magic Flute," or Miss Vallings for her heroic onslaught upon the terrible music of Donna Anna. Mr. Barrington Hooper was a robust and effective Tamino; but he must be careful of his vowels. Even in the Waterloo Road, we ought not to hear "Perchance Perminer" when the lady's name is Pamina. Who should be praised for the general stage arrangements I know not; but certainly a knighthood at least should be given to the genius who invented the lighting for "The Magic Flute." The last scene, with its hint of sunlight breaking through darkness upon the two motionless Men in Armour who chant their great phrases to the marching murmur of the fugue in the orchestra, was not merely a scenic triumph over difficulties, it was a true realisation of Mozart's high intentions. This wonderful, poverty-stricken old theatre in the most sordid district of South London has done many wonderful things, but nothing more wonderful than its production of "The Magic Flute."

How strange it is that there should be such magic about certain last utterances of their kind! "The Magic Flute," Mozart's last opera, is almost magically like "The Tempest," Shakespeare's last play. Not only is there in each the idea of initiation—of trials to be borne and courage to be proved: there is also a clear beckoning of the human spirit to the shining table-lands of a nobler and fuller, if austerer, life. Think of the personal parallels! Prospero is Sarastro, Ferdinand is Tamino, and Miranda is Pamina. Instead of Ariel with his airy flights, we have the bird-like, but human, comedy of Papageno, with his magic bells to reinforce the music of Tamino's magic flute. The powers of malignant and destructive hate are represented in Mozart by the Queen of Night, with Monostatos as an inferior Caliban. Both opera and play embody a spirit of magnanimity almost unique in art. And if to these we would add a third magic utterance, with the gracious beauty of Mozart, the warm nobility of Shakespeare and a lofty fervour of its own, let us turn to Beethoven's last sonata, with its prelude of tempest and tragedy sinking at last in silence and darkness, across which there presently breaks the divine light of dawn, shot

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3	The Dear Little Shamrock	G (E to F♯), B♭
4	The Widow Malone	A (D to E)
5	The Wind that Shakes the Barley	G minor (E♭ to F), A minor
6	Rory o'More	E♭ (C to E♭)
7	She is far from the Land	D♭ (D to E♭), E♭
8	The Low-backed Car	E♭ (C to F), F, G
9	General Munroe	E♭ (E♭ to E♭)
10	The Winding Banks of Erne	G (D to E), A♭
11	Erin, The Tear and the Smile	A♭ (E♭ to E♭), B♭, C
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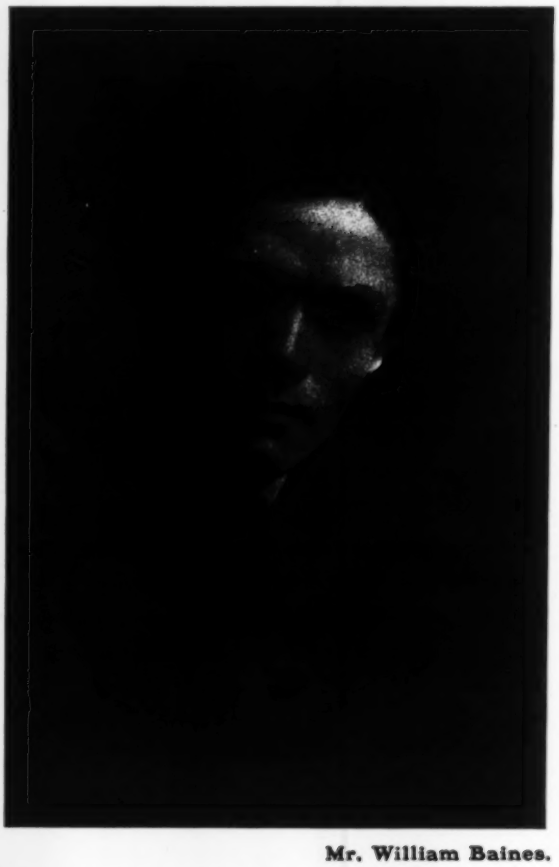
with gleams of unearthly radiance and with strains of unearthly music—broken, fluctuant, shimmering, yet piecing out firmly its *Credo* of Love and Hope and Faith. Surely the marvellous variations in the C minor Sonata are just the magic music that filled the air of Prospero's isle, affrighting the guilty, consoling the true, and so bereaving the spirit when it ceased, that even Caliban would cry to dream of it again. How strange, we repeat, this consort of last things—that Beethoven's last sonata should be the music of Shakespeare's last play, and Shakespeare's last play the poetry of Mozart's last opera!

A NEW YORKSHIRE MUSICAL GENIUS.

By A. EAGLEFIELD HULL.

FIFTEEN years ago the work of William Baines would have been impossible in England. Fortunately for him, as for many others, the whole artistic outlook has now changed, not only in Britain, but all over Europe. In 1914 the great Russian composer, Scriabin, replied to an article by Briantchaninoff in the *Novoe Vremia* on the educational significance of the war, saying "You have voiced an old idea of mine, that at times the human mass needs to be shaken up in order to purify itself and to fit it for the reception of more delicate impressions (vibrations) than those to which it has hitherto responded." The upheaval of the war was not however the only cause of the improved outlook; but it was the chief contributory one.

In the realm of British music tocsins were rung by Parry with his "Prometheus Unbound" in 1880, Stanford in his "Irish Symphony" in 1887, and by Mackenzie in his "Britannia Overture" in 1894; but the nation at large was unable to respond—perhaps because the ringers themselves could not be quite wholehearted in their summoning, for they were all three trained on German lines. And the land rested for another term of years, until Elgar came with his "Gerontius" in 1900, speaking at last in the pure English musical tongue, and Bantock followed with his "Omar Khayyám," flinging the door wide open into the East, and Holbrooke with his "Raven" and his "Ulalume," rating an indolent public for its bovine deafness. Then the war shut off our musical intercourse with Germany for seven lean years, during which time we discovered the new musical schools of Belgium, France, Spain, Italy and Finland, the significance of India and Japan in art, and incidentally our own national musical soul, with its shallow musical hypocrisies, its immense inheritances, and its glorious possibilities. We discovered Bax, Ireland, Bridge, Butterworth, Goossens, Holst, Vaughan Williams and many others. And during their naissance, a small boy reared in circumstances so humble that they allowed of no musical training, of only sparse opportunities of hearing good music, hardly any books even, was weaving music of an unusual beauty and a rare originality, out of nothing.



Mr. William Baines.

* * * * *

One day in January, 1920, I arrived home late at night tired out by a long journey. Turning listlessly over a stack of new music on the piano, the title "Paradise Gardens" caught my fancy and the first few bars arrested my attention. Here was an unknown composer writing in all the splendour of Scriabin's piano style, but with an individuality swung in an altogether different direction. I played through the "Paradise Gardens" with keen interest, and repeated it with wonder and admiration. A rare melodic gift, an originality of expression, a dainty but logical harmonic invention, an attractive personality, and a Japanese exquisiteness of perfection, all floated out from the tones of my Blüthner grand. The piece was a well-sustained reverie, full of delicious motives and fragrant tone-colours. I turned to the only other copy of Baines in the stack of new music, a set of preludes, wondering who the new composer could be. These proved to be seven delightful miniatures in varying moods. The first had some Scriabinic turns of harmony, yet possessed individuality. The second, written in a convent garden, contrasts the delicate sound of a blackbird's notes with the turmoil of the composer's own feelings, concluding with a waft of organ sound. The third is an eight-bar harmonic miniature, a gem of the rare order of the Chopin C minor prelude. In the fourth I found a whirl of gyrating patterns of harmonic play, like a sundust dance; the fifth, a sketch of poppies gleaming in the moonlight; the sixth,

an exquisite piece like nothing else in the world; the final piece, I thought, spoilt a lovely set. The first six pieces all moved with a delightful life. The style was thoroughly steeped in the essential colour of the piano but was free of the Chopin *morbidezza*. Only Debussy and Scriabin had so written for the piano. I placed the pieces aside to show to my friend William Murdoch, who was visiting me on the following night.

He read them off at sight in a wonderful way, was impressed, and promised to put them into his programmes. Meanwhile I wrote the publishers and found that the composer was a youth of nineteen, living in a small Yorkshire town, Horbury, and was on the point of moving to York where his father was fulfilling an engagement as cinema-pianist. Baines came and stayed with me, bringing shoals of unpublished manuscripts, quartets, songs, a symphony—and more piano pieces. I was confirmed in my hope, and was pleased meanwhile to read an unusually appreciative notice of the two Baines pieces, by Mr. Dunton Green, in the *Arts Gazette*. I could not conceive how the other critics had overlooked such striking music; so I determined to sound a loud fanfare, and opened an article on the new pieces in the *British Music Bulletin* (March, 1920), which I then edited, with the ecstatic cry of Schumann over Chopin's early pieces, "Hats off, gentlemen, a genius!" Since then the composer has become widely known in the North, giving recitals of his own music to a large and ever-growing following at such places as his health permits him to visit—Manchester, Sheffield, Liverpool, Leeds, Huddersfield, etc. Mr. Frederick Dawson, the famous pianist, has recently become an enthusiastic propagandist of Baines's music and a warm friend to the composer, whose future seems now to be assured, provided sound health can be won.

Recently three new albums of his pieces have been published—"Four Poems" and "Coloured Leaves" (both by Augener) and "Silverpoints," with Elkin's, who are also publishing a new set of four pieces containing an "Angelus" (the loveliest of all).

Baines's imagination takes fire from the glory of colour, the rhythm of sunsets, the glow of flowers and the stories of Poe. "Paradise Gardens" was written in the summer of 1919, as the result of a few moments' inspiration derived from a reverie in the gardens near the city walls of York. A glorious sunset drew forth like a magnet all the colour and essence from the flowers, and the distant domes in the city glittered like oriental palaces.

The "Four Poems" are a poem-fragment, a delicate little dance movement, in miniature rondo form, with a sylph-like refrain, usually played much too fast; "Elves," a playful sketch on the upper part of the keyboard; a Nocturne which is very characteristic of Baines in harmonic reverie; and a leonine "Appassionata." The "Coloured Leaves" book consists of a prelude, capable of many interpretations, all good; an intriguing little waltz, avowedly written for children; "Still Day," a lento full of rich colouring; and a moorland sketch "Purple Heights." The "Silverpoints" album has "Labyrinth," a water study in a deep sea cave; "Water Pearls," an exquisite piece of tone-painting over a standing tonic throughout; "The Burning Joss-Stick" in the Chinese devotional manner,

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The composer's exquisite taste is shown in the titles of his pieces quite as much as in the contents. He would like to call his new set "Vistas" had he not been forestalled by Cyril Scott.

I can think of no better way of ending this little sketch than by quoting the close of my *British Music Bulletin* pamphlet:

"Well, sirs, you need not take your hats off yet; but I would fain have you in the mood for doing so."

* * * * *

P.S.—Just after I had finished this article, the following appreciation which I had asked Mr. Frederick Dawson to write for THE BOOKMAN, came:

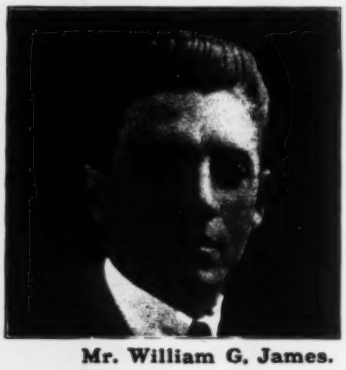
"It is a great joy to an artist to find work so individual in idea and expression as the music of William Baines.

"Like all the best writers for the pianoforte, Baines owes much to Chopin (who himself derived from John Field) and indubitably he has been considerably influenced by the revolution in modern harmonic thought, but he is in no sense a copyist, he has created for himself a wholly personal and original medium (his pianoforte technique is often that of the daring virtuoso). His outlook is entirely modern; still very young, his youth and enthusiasm are apparent in all his work, but nowhere is there any trace of immaturity. On the contrary his subtle appreciation of tone values and his skill in securing an exact atmosphere everywhere proclaim the master of his means; strikingly remarkable are his wonderful endings, which at first hearing may sound unexpected, perhaps even startling, but prove on closer acquaintance to be the only satisfying, the *inevitable*, conclusions.

"He possesses an inexhaustible fancy and the enviable gift of translating into terms of sound his love of Nature and his joy in the beautiful."

MELODIES ANCIENT AND MODERN.

How many musicians, I wonder, have tried their hands upon the enchanting subject of the old Irish melodies—since first Edward Bunting, in 1796, sedulously set down, from harpers' playing, his "General Collection of the Ancient Irish Music"? Of this, and of subsequent editions, Moore, in 1807, liberally availed himself, invoking Sir John Stevenson to his aid: and the "Variety of Admired Airs," whose treasure-house was of Bunting's building, is now inseparably associated with the name of Moore. But this is always the fate of pioneers.



Mr. William G. James.

In the collection by Hatton and Molloy which still is extant, there seems a curious misapprehension of the Irish melodies' intrinsic beauty, an imperviousness to their special traits. The actual notes of each song are there, and that's about all one can say: even the original names are wrongly recorded. Villiers Stanford's arrangements, incomparably the best up to date, are very beautiful: yet, felicitous as they are, in some cases they strike me as rather too subtle, too intricate, for vocal airs of such direct and dear simplicity. This however is a matter of taste—and maybe I am prejudiced. For my family associations with music in Ireland reach back to the eighteenth century, and to long before Bunting. Not only have I handled his worn pages, not only do I possess harpsichord versions published when Moore was a baby—but I cherish precious manuscripts in long-faded ink, where the least known and most exquisite of archaic Irish folk-tunes are enshrined in settings so satisfying, that nobody shall ever wish for better. What passionate power and poignancy suffuses these wonderful things! One cannot conceive of them as the work of human art, of any individual whether notable or nameless. They were assuredly born of the foggy dew, the misty spray, the wind across the mountains, the foxgloves round the fairy raths—with all the love and woe of all the world superadded.

Mr. HERBERT HUGHES.*

Mr. Herbert Hughes.

Well, having been steeped from early childhood in this "native music, beyond comparing the sweetest sound on the ear that falls," I am paying a high compliment to Mr. Herbert Hughes in describing his new series, "Historical Songs and Ballads of Ireland," as an admirable idea in itself, carried out with skill, sympathy, and judgment—and in almost every case to be pronounced a distinct success. To begin with, he has used the word "historical" in its widest sense: he has cast his net into the waters of all four Provinces, and made a splendid haul. He has utilised the lyrics of Lover and of Lever—also the anonymous or traditional words so much more relevant than Moore's apostrophes to harps. He has kept, both in letter and in spirit, the promise of his series-title: which was indeed a happy inspiration. And he has treated each song as it deserved to be treated—with a special intention towards the vocalist, for whose sake, with delightful audacity, he has edited certain phrasings, manipulated certain tempos, and "taken liberties" which betoken an intricate appreciation of his material. His accompaniments are wise and helpful—scholarly in the best sense—often of great charm in themselves. Each song is headed with an interesting, illuminative note: each is credited with its real name: each is published in three keys, so as to suit everybody. In short, Mr. Herbert Hughes's work inspires not only pleasure, but gratitude.

Not all the numbers are of equal merit—that could hardly be expected. Besides, one's predilections must inevitably be ruled by the personal equation. To my mind, the most attractive are "She is far from the Land" (perfect), "The Bard's Legacy," "The Low-Backed Car," "The Winding Banks of Erne," "The Dear Little Shamrock" and "Kitty of Coleraine." Some of the others are less appealing to me, and "Silent, O Moyle" I candidly don't like a bit—being doubtless warped by the traditions of a life-time. But one needs must offer congratulations galore to the inaugurator of this gallant series: the continuation of which is to be awaited with the liveliest interest. May I hope that he will include that loveliest of old love-songs, "Cawn Dhu Dheelish"?

Mr. WILLIAM G. JAMES.†

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As Mr. H. V. Higgins remarks in a preface to this book, "the number of those who attend operatic performances without even attempting to understand what it is all about is amazing." They hear the singing and, if the singer is one who achieves that "clear articulation" for which Mr. Higgins pleads, can understand that, but they would often understand even that the better, and their interest in the whole performance would be immensely increased if only they know the story of the opera they were witnessing, and could easily and intelligently follow the plot. "Opera at Home" furnishes all that is needed to that end. It gives lucidly, concisely, but fully the stories of over a hundred and fifty popular operas, with notes of when and where each has been produced, anything of interest connected with the first production, and some account of the composers. The story of each opera is supplemented with a list of the songs in it, and a summary of that part of the tale which is told in them, and as records of these can be had for the gramophone the summaries help the listener at home to an ampler appreciation of them. Whether you go to the opera or have it brought to you on the gramophone in your own drawing-room, you will find this volume a useful and entertaining companion that will double your enjoyment of the music by making you fully acquainted with its meanings. The book is illustrated with excellent photographs.

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The Drama.

GALSWORTHY AND THE PRODUCER.

BY E. GRAHAM SUTTON.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. John Galsworthy.**

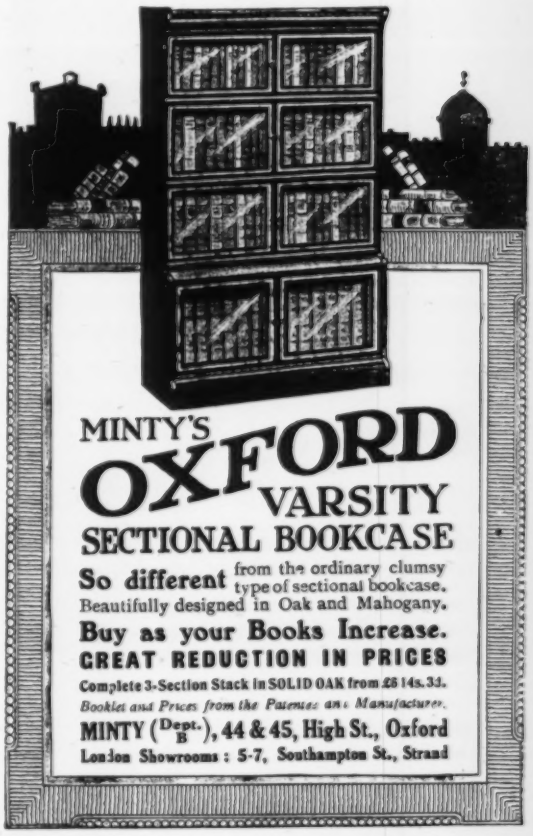
A FEW months ago, happening to cite Mr. Galsworthy as one of our most "star"-proof modern dramatists, I pointed out how the decline of the star-system and the development of such craftsmanship as that of "The Silver Box" had evolved a new specialist to watch over the infant Realism, lest in the uncharted wastes of Just-Being-Natural, having cast aside the safe bad old conventions of melodrama, it should go astray. The present season at the Court provides an object-lesson on this theme, Mr. Galsworthy again being the dramatist, and the producer Mr. Lyall Swete.

"Justice" is perhaps the most perfect extant example of a "producer's play." It casts infinite responsibility on the producer, not merely by dispensing with the old-fashioned star-lead who bore tragedy to success or ruin on his own shoulders, but by almost eliminating the personal element; for, unlike most modern realistic tragedy (Grand Guignol tragedy, for instance), this is

a play not about individuals, but about ideas. It is not that Mr. Galsworthy has ineptly failed to make his individuals significant—his victim typical of unmerited suffering, his officials harsh wielders of the rod; any tuppenny-ha'penny melodramatist could have written "Justice" that way. Mr. Galsworthy's officials are humane to the utmost of their intelligence or discretion, his Falder a weak fool for whom little personal sympathy can be felt. All this is the antithesis of melodrama; he deliberately inverts the conventional arrangement of his individuals, that his idea may emerge more poignant.

How, then, to produce "Justice" so that the idea should stand out, the individuals remain unobtrusive? Restraint was artistically essential, and realism of detail, I suppose, inexorably demanded by the Galsworthy tradition. Mr. Swete's realism was in peril at times; in the first act nearly every one pushed his hand through the glass panel of the inner door; the outer door seemed to open on to the street level, making the manner of Falder's suicide a little obscure; Falder's cell quailed visibly before Mr. Lion's onslaught, and was too sunny by contrast with the black kennels of the previous scene. A much more dangerous mistake was the miscasting of Miss Goodall, whose strong vivid personality (whether because Mr. Swete never realised his risk or because Miss Goodall was unable to stultify herself sufficiently) seriously upset the balance of the play. Like Falder, Ruth is a born fool; and the Court management would have shown more insight if they had cast a born fool for the part (there *are* plenty; and the lucky lady need never have been told the true reason of her engagement). No blame attaches to Miss Goodall; the trouble was simply that one could not imagine her letting herself be knocked about by any husband whatever; and a production which relied wholly on realism could ill afford to take such risks as that. In the main, however, Mr. Swete succeeded admirably, with the help of a pretty good company which never forgot that it is the system, not the individual case, that is at issue. One of their surest touches was the complete insignificance of Falder in the trial. A bad producer would work up this scene with groans and shrinkings; Mr. Lion sat nerveless, while the law's ritual proceeded just as though he were not there. For indeed there is a more vital occupant of the dock than he; Falder's trial lasts but a tense half-hour; the judicial system is in the dock throughout the play.

This restraint accounts for a certain flatness in the play's emotional appeal. "They do these things better at the Grand Guignol!" is one's first hasty verdict, and then one feels a sort of shame that a story so profoundly affecting the reasoning side of one should touch the emotional so little. But your short thriller is rushed through on an emotional pitch too high to be long sustained; "Justice" itself, Grand-Guignolised, might end on the climax of Falder's anguish in the cell. Mr. Galsworthy sees further than that. For the real tragedy of Falder is not his suffering, but the stark waste of it—the intolerable discovery that so much agony has been fruitless, that he is even less valuable to society when he comes out of prison than before he went in. If you work up your cell-scene to too high a pitch you have nothing left for your climax, which is Falder's inability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83-91, Great Titchfield Street, London, W.1

to obtain re-employment. And if you miss that climax, you have produced "Justice" (as Mr. Swete most emphatically has *not* produced it) in vain.

Restraint is also the key-note of "The Pigeon," where the same cautious balance of merit is maintained. If beggars are a social nuisance, so is the undiscriminating philanthropist who encourages them to beg. The only remedy lies in a strict application of the Calway or Hoxton theory—but which? As neither works in practice, the question remains unanswered; and, like Canon Bertley, we are constrained to let things slide and oil their grooves with platitude. Here again is a pretty problem for the producer. He must hold the scales evenly between all these people, each of whom is making an inconclusive experiment in the art of life. His chief danger lies in sentimentalising his wastrels—as François Villon and Robin Greene have been sentimentalised by posterity despite the grim evidence of their own written word. Mr. Swete shunned this error, only to fall rather unexpectedly into another, the burlesquing of the four philanthropists. Unerringly as in "Justice" Mr. Lion touched the right note of restraint, so in "The Pigeon" did he smite the wrong one of theatricality; and this wrong note rang through the play so loudly that all Mr. Lion's attempts to correct it in the last act were unavailing. Perhaps it flustered the producer himself; at all events, his grip of detail seemed less sure than in "Justice," and in the first act he succumbed to that temptation of "real snow" which (like the "real star" in "Tannhauser") never fails to break the attention of an English audience by evoking their loud cries of delight. On the other hand, the naïve sentimentality of the flower-girl portrait was worth all Mr. Lion's ejaculatory staccatos as a revelation of Wellwyn; there should have been a special curtain-call for the man who painted it, for its dumb testimony was the most subtle effect of the production. Unintentional, perhaps. Nevertheless, a little touch of genius!

"And so to St. Martins-in-the-Fields," as Pepys would put it, "to see them do a new play by Mr. G——"; but Pepys's inevitable "best that ever I saw acted" is here wholly inadequate. "Loyalties," the late harvest of a sure technique and ripe experience, is again concerned primarily with ideas; but here, as never in "Justice" nor "The Pigeon" even, ideas and humanity are fused at whiteheat into a play which will take rank immediately as Mr. Galsworthy's masterpiece for the stage—and for the study, I am tempted to add, though well aware what perilous ground I tread; for fine acting can and should play the very deuce with one's literary judgment. Like Falstaff's sack, it "ascends me into the brain, makes it full of nimble, fiery and delectable shapes"—glimpses of character, that is to say; tense atmospheres; sudden vistas of imagination not in the printed text, perhaps not even in the conscious intention of the dramatist. Such are the production and acting at the St. Martin's, a most memorable triumph for Mr. Dean as producer, Mr. Maturin as the "man of honour," Mr. Milton as a cad after the Malise type (not such cads, either of them, but for the prejudices that label them so), Miss Cathleen Nesbit, Mr. J. H. Roberts, and a long cast of almost uniform brilliance. They will be celebrated enough, before these words appear, to need no elucidation of their theme—the crossed "loyalties" of conflicting class-ideals. But I may add one "loyalty" to the list—our renewed loyalty to Mr. Galsworthy: for that is assured.

SHALL WE JOIN THE LADIES? St. Martin's Theatre.

It is rank heresy, I know; but I could never quite swallow Sir James Barrie's sentimentality, which seemed cynically superimposed upon a more bitter philosophy of life than he was prepared to own. "Peter Pan" was childhood seen from the angle of sophistication, "Mary Rose" at once the result and the penalty of being Peter Pan. Neither play was really cynical, for between the lines of each the author's true philosophy was latent; and "Mary Rose" at any rate was pursued relentlessly to its logical conclusion, though to the extreme discomfiture of those who were attempting to view it through the tear-dimmed spectacles of sentiment alone. In his new fragment, "Shall We Join the Ladies?", the author at long last renounces all sentimentality and presents life, we may suspect, as he has long secretly seen it. It is a cruel, witty business, this inquisition of Sam Smith upon the conscience of a dozen possible murderers; and the grim light it flashes into irrelevant corners of a very shady set of characters is not the least Barriesque part of the proceeding. The stage-craft is masterly—not only in its more obvious effects, such as the sudden revelation of the policeman in the lighted doorway, but in its cunning use of the thirteen-at-table device to break the circle and open up the "dead end" of the dinner-party to the audience's view. "Who killed Smith junior?" is the author's riddle; but we may counter his with one more difficult still—"How in the world, without dire bathos, does he hope to solve it?"

E. G. S.

THE YELLOW JACKET. At the Kingsway Theatre.

"The Yellow Jacket" is a great test for an audience. When I was at the Kingsway half my pleasure in the beautiful setting was spoiled by the inane giggles of some of the audience who could not accept the mounted tables as a mountain, nor the boards from chair to chair as a bridge over a torrent, nor the workmen's ladder as the path to heaven. It was not perhaps fair altogether to blame these gigglers. Some of the actors seemed to share their lack of faith. Mr. Holman Clark was perfect as the Property Man; Mr. Tresahar was rotund and convincing as the Chorus. Mr. Brandon-Thomas as Wu Sin the Great and Mr. Kennedy as Tai Fah Min were terrifying and ceremonial. In the second part, however, there was a falling-off. Mr. Novello was fidgety and over-modern; and the rest of the cast was either listless or sophisticated, except Miss Trevor as Plum Blossom and Mr. Cameron, who made an excellent Yin Suey Gong. The level of acting among the women was distinctly poor, and Miss Doris Lloyd's Chee Moo was, with Miss Royter's See Noi, the only performance which seemed adequate to the conventional beauty of the play. The play itself does not, perhaps, seem quite so beautiful as when it was first produced. It is not beautifully written, which is a great disadvantage; as an occasional banality in speech let in cold suspicion to the world of make-believe. Still, with an audience of goodwill and a company a little more practised in the mood of the play, "The Yellow Jacket" should be one of the things most worth seeing in London for some time to come.

R. E. R.

ANOTHER SHAKESPEARE INVENTION.*

After Miss Clemence Dane and Messrs. Rubinstein and Bax come Messrs. Norman A. Everson and Francis Sandwith with a collaboration entitled "Celia." The tide of

* "Celia." By Norman Everson and Francis Sandwith 3s. 6d. (Selwyn & Blount.)

Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Mr. Arnold Bennett,

whose new play, "The Love Match," has just been produced at the Strand Theatre.

Shakespearean invention and speculation is running high at present, and our indefatigable commentators will have much to answer for before the sands of ascertained facts are again left dry. In the present play, or "dramatic poem," the authors have contented themselves with picturing Shakespeare, unhappily married, and broken in spirit after the death of his son, finding a new and last lease of his imagination in the ideal love of Celia, the youthful daughter of "a kindly country knight," Sir Hugh Merlin. In the quiet atmosphere of the latter's apple orchards the poet's spirit is healed and the seed of "The Tempest" is sown. The scenes are laid in the Mermaid Tavern, in a glade on Merlin's estate, and in the Fortune Playhouse after the first performance of the "Tempest." As to that performance Ben Jonson is made to say:

"Well, then. We've seen his TEMPEST—title apt,
For he has been all tempest-tossed himself,
Racked with the cruel waves of grief and woe.
For joy that's lost, for hopes that can't achieve.
And yet, his sorrow's done, and in this play
There's peace and sunshine won, and hearts at rest,
And joy regained"—

while Shakespeare himself is made to say:

"You have seen my play,
And in that play you've seen the writer of it.
For what I've said is true. I'm Prospero,
And, as Prospero sang, our revel's done.
My magic's now abjured—and all I seek
Is peace—a little joy to round with sleep.
Like Prospero, this day I break my staff
And drown my book of spells full fathom five."

Both those passages, save for the skilful use of Shakespearean phrases, might be verse-paraphrases of Shakespearean lectures at one or other of the universities. It is in the Epilogue, the scene of which is laid in 1616, in the gateway of the dead poet's house at Bishopton, that the best and most original writing occurs. Sir Hugh and his daughter have come to offer their sympathy to Anne Shakespeare, and find her hard, a little shrewish, but cherishing her dream of Shakespeare's love, a love which was there even when least apparent. Shakespeare, on his dying bed, had told her of Celia:

"A simple child—laughter her face's robe
And happiness her food. God can say why—
I cannot—but she came to me all smiles,
And in my heart I felt the sympathy
We shared between us, just as when the bow
Is drawn across a viol, and its mate
Tuned to the same pitch, echoes back the chord."

"But," Shakespeare is made to say:

"Her pretty message brought me back to you"—

and so Anne proudly possesses him in death, while Celia hopes for a share of him in Heaven.

Although the construction of the play—for it is printed as a play—is amateurish in the extreme, and although the stage directions are hasty and sketchy ("He feels that with her to 'back' him he could scale the infinite"!) the handling of the blank verse is extremely promising, and we should hear more of Mr. Everson or Mr. Sandwith, or both. We are always ready to welcome new Beaumonts and Fletchers.

WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR.

THE EXEMPLARY THEATRE.*

The axe is now in season: but Mr. Granville-Barker, returning to his pre-war assault on the commercial theatre, disdains so clumsy a weapon. In this he is doubly justified: first by the end he has in view, which is to construct, not to destroy; secondly by the complexity of his antagonist, a hydra against whose many bewildering heads the axe is useless.

* "The Exemplary Theatre." By H. Granville-Barker. 9s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

It is this complexity in the art of the theatre that has been the undoing of so many reformers. They have wooed facile remedies here or there, each in his own department—in playwriting, in acting, in lighting, in economics, in stage-decoration (the latter most seductive of all!). And the worst of it is that the more expert each one happens to be in his own department, the more fatally will he be tempted to reform the theatre through that department alone. This is where Mr. Granville-Barker scores; himself tried and proved in the first rank, whether as author, actor or producer, he is in no danger of letting the part obscure the whole. One might select him as the ideal "director," the reality of Craig's vision, the master-brain whence all the activities of the theatre originate; in fact, many of us, when we first read "The Art of the Theatre," must have felt that Granville-Barker was indeed the man, if any, whom Craig had in mind. But Granville-Barker himself (this is the piquant, tantalising part of it) rejects Craig's vision, objecting to it not only the inadequate supply of ideal directors, but his conviction that in any case the directorship of the theatre is not a one-man job; true, the director will be autocratic—on paper: for without the privilege of the casting vote he cannot hope to do anything at all. But he will never forget that the art of the theatre is essentially co-operative, and springs best from the clash of wits at a round-table of experts—these again no mere isolated specialists, but men with enough all-round technical training to judge their fellow-experts' views. Hence grows this dream of the Exemplary Theatre, the ideal college-playhouse where the theatre's art can be studied progressively in all its branches: specialisation, in the last year of studentship, crowning the whole.

A practical enthusiast, Mr. Granville-Barker is at his best when he gets down to the details. In his earlier sections his prose flags a little; it is involved and tortuous sometimes, though never dull. But it gains humour and clarity as he goes on, leaving abstract social-philosophy and beginning to discuss the human relations between actor and audience. He constructs steadily, with a keen sense of the psychology of the prospective student, seeking rather to build up his Utopia from the stage as it is than to waste time in demolition. Two prime needs stand out—the need for the all-round education of the actor, and for the technical education of critic and audience. Not only the wide personal experience of the author but the whole history of acting is reviewed constructively, and the present system studied, not for the sake of the cheap hits that wit can register upon its frailties, but in sincere hope of bettering its successes and profiting by its mistakes. For the fine flower of Mr. Granville-Barker's achievement is a most workmanlike sanity. No reader of Gilbert Cannan's "Mummery" will readily forget the scene where the idealist-hero flabbergasts his committee with the last item of his estimate for the Art Theatre they hope to found: "Food for the birds and fishes—£25." And in the awful pause which follows: ". . . There must be beautiful birds flying in the outdoor theatre. In the courtyard there must be fishponds with rare fish. . . ." Criticism of "The Exemplary Theatre" may be summed up by pointing out that it contains no such poetic specifications. Too many idealists cause you to dream, sympathise, and smile a little sadly. Mr. Granville-Barker is different. Read him, and you dream, sympathise—and hope.

E. G. S.

The Annual Conference of the "New Ideas in Education" Group, which will be held this month at Stratford-on-Avon, during the Shakespeare Festival, is to discuss "Drama and Education." Sir Henry Newbolt, as Vice-President, will give the inaugural address on April 18th, at the Memorial Lecture Hall, and on the same day Mr. John Masefield (with Mr. John Drinkwater in the Chair) is to lecture on "Playwriting," after which the Boar's Hill Players will perform Gilbert Murray's translation of "Iphigenia in Tauris." The conference continues for a week.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF ÆSTHETICS.

By C. K. Ogden, I. A. Richards and James Wood. 7s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin.)

SINCE CÉZANNE. By Clive Bell. 7s. (Chatto & Windus)

HISTORY OF ART. Vol. I. "Ancient Art." By Elie Faure. 21s. (John Lane.)

I have known four-and-twenty definers of beauty—and all of them have failed. Sixteen definitions of the beautiful are given in "The Foundations of Æsthetics" by Mr. C. K. Ogden, of Cambridge, and his two collaborators (I. A. Richards and James Wood); and by devoting a few pages to each theory the authors are able, firmly yet courteously, to point out the weak spot in each. The book is decidedly useful to those interested in questions of æsthetics. It presents in a condensed form the greater part of accredited opinion on the subject, from Tolstoy to Dr. Santayana, from Signor Croce to Clive Bell, and though we are led to see that there is something to be said for each of the said theories, we are also forced to the conclusion that not one is wholly satisfying. In the end we have to "sack the lot," and we thank the authors for a useful piece of destructive criticism that helps to clear the air.

From **The Foundations of Æsthetics** (*Allen & Unwin*).

Lady with an Ermine. By Boltraffio (Milanese, 1467–1516).

Every critic who takes himself seriously sooner or later—generally sooner—persuades himself it is his duty to go in search of the Absolute. He wants to find one quality or characteristic present in all that he holds to be beautiful, to isolate it, analyse it, and learn it by heart so that he may recognise it again immediately. Once found it would be a touchstone, and never again would he be in doubt before any work of art. Alas, he finds that he is chasing a will-o'-the-wisp, and the sooner he abandons the pursuit the better for his peace of mind, for the admission of his defeat is the beginning of his wisdom.

Works of art are not precious to us for one quality or characteristic which they all have in common; there are a hundred different qualities which any one of them may have, and the possession of a single quality to a very high degree is enough to give this work a lasting fame. It is not the least common denominator that makes the masterpiece, it is the highest multiple. Hence arise the controversies of criticism. A praises a certain picture because it contains X, a quality he admires, to an exceptionally high degree; B ignores X, a quality in which he is not particularly interested, and condemns the same picture because Y and Z, the qualities *he* specially prizes, are not strongly in evidence.

Now most people will admit that beauty in a picture may arise from more than one quality, but at different times there are tendencies to regard the possession of one quality as the supreme test, it may be drawing, "atmosphere," colour, design or what not. Atmosphere was strongly in favour at the end of the nineteenth century, then colour was held to be the all-important thing, to-day it is the turn of design. Some few years ago Mr. Clive Bell effectively championed the post-impressionist school of painting by declaring that the all-important thing in a work of art was "significant form." Works of art, he said, are "objects that provoke a peculiar emotion," that is to say an æsthetic emotion, and significant form he maintained to be the "quality common and peculiar to all the objects that provoke this emotion." This sounded promising, but when we besought Mr. Bell to tell us exactly what Significant Form was and how we might recognise it, he could do no more than define it as "æsthetically moving form." This carries the matter very little further, as Mr. Ogden and his colleagues point out. Mr. Bell is arguing in a circle. The quality common and peculiar to all objects that provoke æsthetic emotion proves to be—their power of provoking æsthetic emotion. This is the result of hunting the Absolute.

In his new book, "Since Cézanne," Mr. Bell shows signs of abandoning the hunt, though he restates the major premise of his argument:

> "A work of art is an object beautiful, or significant, in itself, nowise dependent for its value on the outside world, capable by itself of provoking in us that emotion which we call æsthetic."

One might ask: "Provoking in whom? in anyone, or only in specially sensitive and cultivated persons?" But we let the question drop, unwilling to wander into Tolstoyan arguments concerning the universality of art, because nobody really wishes to dispute the agreeable and vague definition of works of art as objects that provoke æsthetic emotion. Moreover,

Cuckoo.

From **The Cuckoo's Secret**
By Edgar Chance
(*Sidgwick & Jackson*).

Reduced from block in book of the only extant photograph of a cuckoo holding in her beak the egg of the foster-bird (a Meadow Pipit) which she removes before laying her own in the nest.

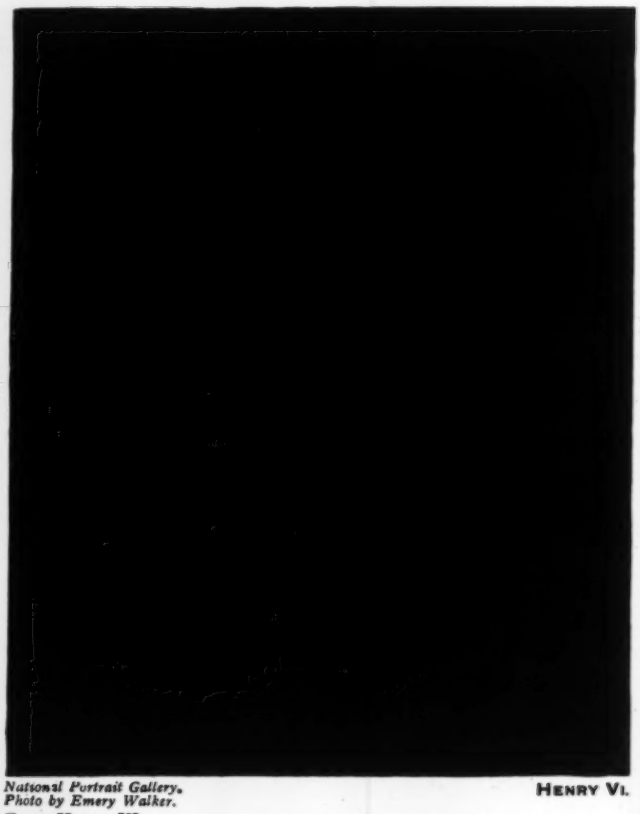
Mr. Bell himself begins to hedge when (page 163) he writes :

" I do not disbelieve in absolute beauty any more than I disbelieve in absolute truth. On the contrary, I gladly suppose that the proposition—this object must be either beautiful or not beautiful — is absolutely true. Only, can we recognise it ? "

Really Mr. Bell cannot be both Glendower and Hotspur. He must not tell us he can call spirits from the vasty deep and then express a doubt whether they will come. It provokes the retort, " Why, so can I, or so can any man."

For my part, if a confession of faith be demanded, I believe in relative beauty as I believe in relative truth, and towards the end of his book (page 171) Mr. Bell adopts a similar attitude :

" It is imprudent, I am sure, in us critics to maintain so stoutly as we are apt to do, that when we call a work of art ' good ' we do not mean simply that we like it with passion and conviction, but that it is absolutely so, seeing that the most sensitive people of one age have ever extolled some things which the most sensitive of another have cried down, and have cried down what others have extolled. . . . No critic can be sure that what he likes has absolute value."



National Portrait Gallery. Photo by Emery Walker.

From **Henry VI** *(Constable).*

HENRY VI.

Mr. Bell is perfectly right in regarding sincerity to be the hall-mark of good criticism, and it is the enthusiastic admiration he feels for Matisse, Renoir, Derain, Duncan Grant and other modern painters that produces the most interesting and valuable studies in this book of essays.

In one of his essays Mr. Bell deplores the paucity of historical art critics, of men who " try to explain works of art by describing their social and political circumstances." This is the attitude taken by M. Elie Faure, who in his " History of Art " seeks really to narrate the development of man as revealed by his art. This method applied to prehistoric, Egyptian, Cretan and Greek Art in the first volume, should be still more fruitful when applied to later periods. As an erudite archæologist as well as an enthusiastic admirer of advanced modern art, this scholarly French writer is exceptionally well qualified for his gigantic task.

FRANK RUTTER.

HENRY VI.

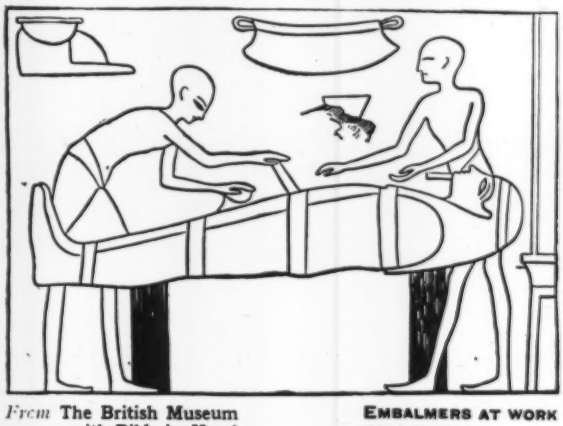
By MABEL E. CHRISTIE. 16s. net. (Constable.)

Through the rivalries of the royal dukes, the internecine quarrels of the barons, the plotting of the Yorkists, and the revolts of the gentry and the yeomen, King Henry VI moves with a graciousness, a clemency, a generosity and a kindly humanity that still make an irresistible appeal to the sympathies of mankind. Uxorious, other-worldly, unworldly he was, incapable of action or resentment, as feeble and feckless a king as ever sat upon the throne of England. And yet this pious monarch who loved God and the Church, who wore the plainest of clothes, who gave away all he had, who refused to unsheathe his sword in battle, and who swore no more vehement oath than " forsooth," stands revealed by the light of the latest research as very much the same kind of person, half monk, half fool in Christ, who won our childish compassion in the famous Shakespearean trilogy. Miss Mabel E. Christie, who has just published in the " Kings and Queens of England " series a monograph on this unhappy great-grandson of John of Gaunt, tells the story of his reign with a lucidity, an impartiality, and a reliance on original documents that are beyond all praise. It is a pity, however, that the biographer of the royal student who founded Eton and King's College, Cambridge, should not wield a more distinguished style.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM WITH BIBLE IN HAND.

By FRANK G. JANNAWAY. 3s. 6d. (Sampson Low.)

" Although this handbook has received a hearty welcome from the British Museum authorities," writes the author in his preface to the book, " it has not been compiled for Egyptologists or Assyriologists, but for Bible-loving visitors to the Museum." The book's purpose is to give a survey " of all the exhibits on view at the British Museum which confirm the absolute accuracy of the Holy Scriptures." Mr. Jannaway not only knows what is he writing about, but he knows how to write it in just the right, breezy way to appeal to the average visitor to the Museum. " British Museum dry ! Not a bit of it " ; he begins, " and so you will say before we finish our visit—that is, if you are really interested in God's dealings with the Earth and Man in the past, present and future . . ." The book is lavishly illustrated, and packed with interesting information from beginning to end.



From **The British Museum with Bible in Hand** *(Sampson Low).*

EMBALMERS AT WORK ON A MUMMY.

CRESSY. FLIP. SNOWBOUND AT EAGLES.

By Bret Harte.
3s. 6d. each.
(Chatto & Windus.)

A reissue of Bret Harte is something to be grateful for, and it is to be hoped that Messrs. Chatto & Windus will soon follow these cheap editions of one of his novels and two of his collections of short stories with others. If Bret Harte was influenced by Dickens on the one hand, he influenced Kipling on the other, and in the best of his tales he is not surpassed either by his master or his disciple. In his study of Cressy he beats most of our very serious psycho-analytical novelists at their own game, she is as baffling and subtle a picture of the essentially feminine as any of theirs; he handles the question of sex cunningly, frankly, but with an art that is delicate and touched with a saving grace of humour. If you know his short stories there is no need to urge you to read them again; if you do not, here is an opportunity of making their acquaintance, and one you will be glad to have taken, if you take it.

From **Irish and other Memories.**
By the Duke de Stacpoole, which Messrs. Philpot are publishing.

Pius IX carried to St. Peter's, Christmas, 1870.

THE OWL TAXI.

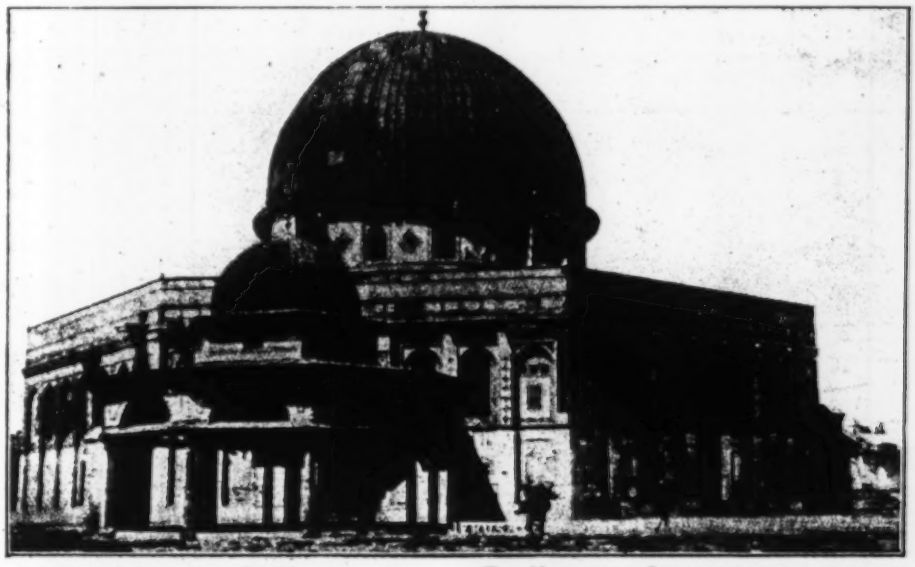
By Hulbert Footner. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)

Gregory Parr was in the mood for adventure that evening when he met a taxi-driver at a little waterfront hotel in New York. It was just before he was to sail for England, and he did not really want to leave America. Greg wanted work, and it was easy for Hickey Meech, the taxi-driver, to persuade him to abandon his trip and take on the taxi instead. Greg fancied, like most young men—it would be hard to say why—that the life of a cabby must be full of romance. Possessor of the cab, he drove here and there happily, till he saw that inside he carried the corpse of a dead man. How to get rid of it? How to get clear of the tragedy? It was a nasty problem, but enlightenment came in a series of remarkable happenings. He met, that same strange night, the girl who knew all about it—a young and dashing maiden attired as a chauffeur. As we follow the amazing twists of the plot, we become pleasantly certain that we are in the hands of a first-class story-teller. This book is as good as an Oppenheim.

BLACK BEAUTY.

By Anna Sewell.
1s. 6d. (Jarrolds.)

A new edition of Miss Anna Sewell's famous book, "Black Beauty," has just been issued by Messrs. Jarrold, with a foreword in the shape of an appreciation and brief account of the life of the author from the pen of Mr. William Jarrold. This foreword gives an increased interest to the book, helping us to realise the fineness of Miss Sewell's character, and to admire the pluck and perseverance with which she stuck to her work in spite of her sufferings. "Her own mind was always a storehouse of refreshment to herself," writes Mr. Jarrold; and it is good to think of this compensation for one who spent so many years confined to a house and a sofa. That "Black Beauty" has taught people to understand and care for horses more than any book ever published is of course beyond doubt; and now



From **Masonic Legend and Traditions,**
By Dudley Wright
(*Rider*).

The Mosque of Omar, now standing on the site of King Solomon's Temple.

From **Black Beauty**
Illustrated by Blampied
(*Jarrolds*).

"AND THE CARTER WAS SHOUTING AND FLOGGING THE TWO HORSES UNMERCIFULLY."

that the Vitagraph Company have filmed the story, Miss Sewell's work will have more far-reaching results than ever. A book like this makes a universal appeal, and it matters not whether the reader is a girl, or boy, or grown-up man or woman ; the truth and sincerity of the tale grips and holds the imagination. Those who love horses must ever bless the name of Miss Sewell for the wonderful work she has done for them. As Mr. William Jarrold says, " Her life-work for dumb creatures who cannot speak for themselves will remain and spread her influence far and wide throughout the world. She indeed opened her mouth for the dumb." This latest edition of " Black Beauty " is delightfully illustrated by Blampied.

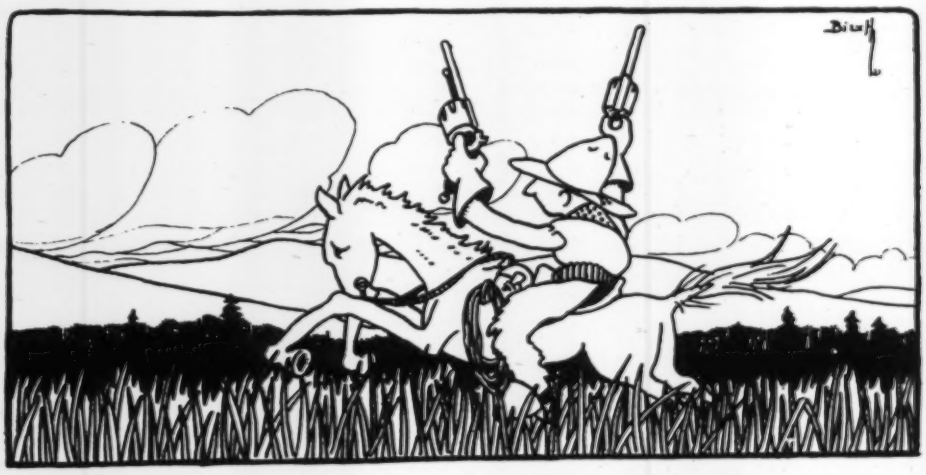
ADVENTURES AND MISADVENTURES IN CANADA.

By " LOFTY." 6s. net. (Bale, Sons & Danielsson.)

The author of these vivacious, droll " Adventures and Misadventures " says he had two reasons for going to Canada—a girl and Robert W. Service. Doubtless more than one lusty youth of the future will offer three—a girl, Robert W. Service and " Lofty." Certainly one cannot read of his experiences in the Far West without an itch to follow his example, and to meet success and failure with the same cheery good humour, the same indomitable pluck that permeates his book. For, though the funny side of things made a ready appeal to him, his way was not all easy going ; hard work and hard knocks only served to toughen his determination to win through, and it's the stuff you're made of that counts in Canada. " Lofty " tells his tale lightly, but his levity is not irresponsible ; it has a definite aim ; it suggests a solution to the vexed problem of overcrowded cities, and shows what a wide field of enterprise the Colonies present to the modern healthy young woman whom, from a marriageable point of view, the war has left stranded. " Our British day of opportunity is now," writes the author, and urges his point with much sound sense and wholesome logic. The quaint illustrations harmonise excellently with the merry spirit in which the book is written.

From **Everybody's Dog Book**
By Major A. J. Dawson
(*Collins*).

A MIXED GATHERING.



From **Adventures and Misadventures in Canada**
(*Bale, Sons & Danielsson*).

"I IMAGINED MYSELF RIDING TO THE YUKON WITH A GUN IN EACH HAND."

LLOYD GEORGE.

By Mr. Punch. With an Introduction by W. Algernon Locker. 5s. (Cassell.)

Mr. Lloyd George was first caricatured in *Punch* in 1900, in a small sketch which shows him facing the dragon, Joseph Chamberlain; and in the picture, here reproduced, he is a slim young man with a neat black moustache and trim dark hair, very much unlike himself as we know him so familiarly to-day. He did not reach the dignity of a full-page cartoon, as Mr. Locker tells us, until 1906, but in another three years he was appearing as a foremost figure in the large cartoons with significant frequency. You may read the story of his brilliant career in Mr. Locker's ample and interesting Introduction, and see it illustrated in the two hundred cartoons from *Punch* that are reproduced in these pages. The energetic alertness, the buoyant confidence, the twinkling, whimsical humour of the man is not always successfully captured in Raven Hill's drawings; Frank Reynolds, E. T. Reed, and Townsend do not exactly hit off his characteristic looks and gestures, but Bernard Partridge gets him perfectly in all circumstances. Nevertheless, all the drawings hit off the various phases in the Premier's development with a delightfully shrewd and satirical humour, and to study his biography in this succession of pictures is a fascinating way of reading not only without tears but with laughter.

From **Lloyd George,** By Mr. Punch (*Cassell*).

FOR THIS RELIEF MUCH THANKS.

St. David (*supplementing the work of St. Patrick*): "There goes the last and the worst of them."

THE SECRET ADVERSARY.

By Agatha Christie. 7s. 6d. (Bodley Head.)

To dedicate this story to "all those who lead monotonous lives in the hope that they may experience at second hand the delights and dangers of adventure" was certainly a good idea, as every other reader will probably count the book as dedicated to himself. Of adventure and danger and thrills there is no lack in "The Secret Adversary," and if our credulity is unduly strained at times, what does it matter so long as we are "taken out of ourselves"? The plot is intricate and improbable, but the story is well told in an easy, vivacious style, which is maintained throughout. The secret society which the hero and heroine of this story set out to expose is a most unconvincing affair. This is the sort of thing it is: "Bolshevist gold is pouring into this country for the specific purpose of procuring a revolution. And there is a certain man, a man whose real name is unknown to us, who is working in the dark for his own ends. The Bolshevists are behind the labour unrest—but this man is *behind the Bolshevists*. Who is he? We do not know. He is always spoken of by the unassuming title of 'Mr. Brown.' But one thing is certain: he is the master criminal of this age. He controls a marvellous organisation. Most of the peace propaganda during the war was originated and financed by him. His spies are everywhere." Once we can resign ourselves to this affront to our intelligence we can settle down and begin to enjoy the adventures of Tommy and Tuppence as they track down this master criminal of the age. It is a lively, good-humoured, sensational yarn, packed with dramatic incidents.

From **Little Plays of St. Francis,** By Laurence Housman (*Sidgwick & Jackson*).

18 one-act plays dealing with the life and legend of St. Francis, with a preface by H. Granville-Barker.

XUM

THE GREEN MOTH.

By G. E. Mitton and J. G. Scott. 7s. 6d. net. (John Murray.)

Lady Scott and her husband here give us a novel that is in some sort a sequel to the "Two-Stringed Fiddle," as its head villain is also the villain protagonist of the other book. Tom Marjoram is now shown to us in love with Darya Molineux, a beautiful English girl with a past, who dresses Burmese fashion and rather eschews the white society of Môttama. Now it is at once to be said that the local colour is excellently conveyed, never out of key, always present with the right tone and emphasis, and that this is the only real merit of the book. Marjoram is not much of a person, indeed he will soon be a bore if, as seems not unlikely, he was saved in this tale to figure in succeeding stories. Darya herself has some little interest, but makes no great blend with Marjoram and with the strong, silent Thornthwaite who wins her from Marjoram. Kidnappings and rescues are not very convincing, and there is hardly a genuine thrill in a book that is built up of thrills as a wall might be built of bricks. Probably the very best of the whole book is the early part describing the pagoda and the lovely evening scene, Darya's accident and her night in the temple with the Buddhist abbot who is really an Irish rebel working out expiation for wrong done among his fellow Irish conspirators . . . fantastic, if you like, but still made acceptable. Most of the rest of the book plods in well-worn ruts, and indeed the story moves nearly into the category of a daily serial. Lady Scott has done better than this, and will do better again, especially if she is careful to avoid the loose writing that is too often visible in "The Green Moth."

From **The Chronicles of Rodriguez,** a novel by Lord Dunsany, which Messrs. Putnams are publishing this month. Illustrated by Sidney H. Sime.

Rodriguez Trinidad Fernandez Concepcion Henrique Maria, Lord of Arguento and Duke of Shadow Valley.

NORTHERNMOST AUSTRALIA.

By R. Logan Jack. Two vols. 63s. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

These two handsome volumes give a most valuable account of all the expeditions that have touched or penetrated the Cape York Peninsula—that great northward thrusting tongue of Australia that ends on Torres Strait and fronts New Guinea. It is a long record, beginning with the sixteenth century, with Magellan, Quiros and Torres, the Dutch voyage of the little *Duyfken* of sixty tons in 1605–6, other Dutch expeditions of the seventeenth century, including that of Tasman in 1644. In the eighteenth century there was of course our own Captain Cook, Bligh of the *Bounty*, and in 1801 our great Matthew Flinders, whose work in exploring, surveying and ascertaining true geographical facts about Australia was unsurpassed. It is interesting, by the way, to realise that in 1803 Flinders set sail from Sydney for England in the *Cumberland*, a schooner of no more than twenty-nine tons burthen, so that the feats of the Elizabethan sailors were nothing extraordinary even in the nineteenth century. Mr. Jack describes also the land explorations of Leichardt, Burke and Wills, Kennedy, Carron, the Jardines, and many others, including his own in 1879–80. All are given with extreme accuracy and wealth of detail. The country is a curious one, and its destinies in Mr. Jack's opinion have a strange outlook. Rich in minerals and even agriculturally not impossible, the problem is of the population that can support its climate. Mr. Jack has done a piece of sound and enduring work, and a permanent book of reference is the result.

OF GARDENS EAST AND WEST.

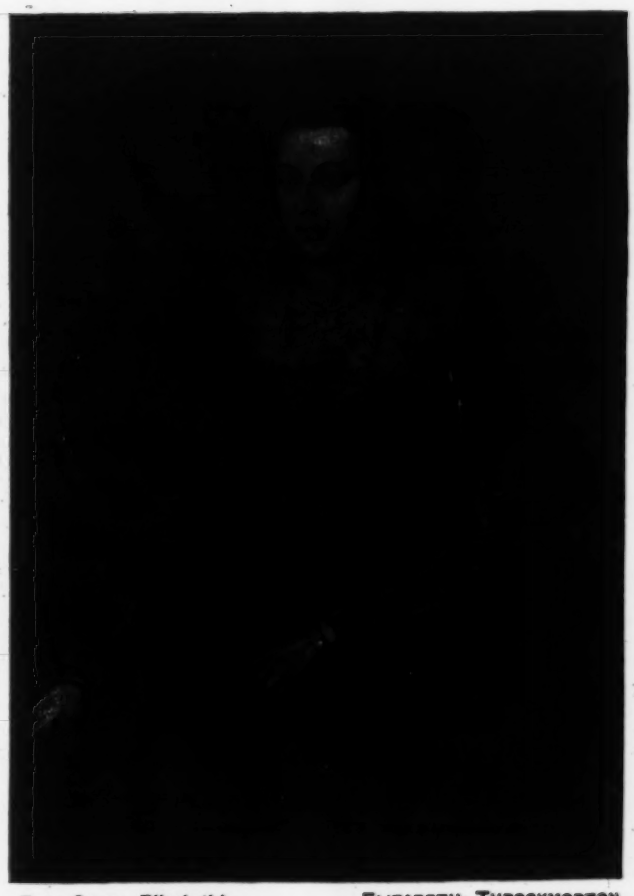
By K. C. Ryves (Cassandra). 3s. 6d. net. (Melrose).

"A garden without a hedge is like a fair woman without discretion," says the author of these delightful essays on gardens and things pertaining to gardens. Written in the East, and full of memories of the West, her reflections are, in the main, tinged with a longing no garden of the East can fulfil. Her happy, gossipy manner of writing gives the impression that each essay is a letter from a friend far away, and will leave most readers with a fuller appreciation of the blessings of a garden, and those who have no garden with a fervent desire to get one. It must not be imagined that it is in any sense a book on gardening—it doesn't tell you how to plant or prune; no, it is just a collection of random thoughts, thoughts fragrant with roses and lilac bloom and stock, reminiscent of paved paths, shady lawns, sundials and yew hedges—a book to take up at odd minutes, sure of finding in its pages a sense of tranquillity, such as one may find in a garden at the close of a summer day.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S MAIDS OF HONOUR.

By VIOLET A. WILSON. 15s. (The Bodley Head.)

Miss Wilson has handled a mass of material with a deft and competent touch. She is out to make history definitely interesting and amusing for all of us; and she has succeeded. Even the little lady from the suburbs, who would shudder at the idea of reading anything but a light novel, will find much to take her interest in this vivid, most human record of a strange Queen and her attendants. We begin, almost as soon as the book opens, with the story of Lady Catherine Grey and the Earl of Hertford. They had no hope of obtaining the consent of the jealous Queen to their union. Lady Catherine feigned toothache when the Queen went to Eltham for a few days hunting, and stole away to the house of the bridegroom, across the pebble-strewn beach connecting Whitehall and Westminster. The Earl had got the ring, and had provided refreshments; "but he had quite overlooked the fact that even for the most secret wedding a clergyman of one denomination or another is an actual necessity." When much later the Queen had to be told, her anger knew no bounds . . . "to the Tower shall Lady Catherine go that very afternoon."



From **Queen Elizabeth's Maids of Honour** (*John Lane*).

ELIZABETH THROCKMORTON.

Throughout these chapters the character of Elizabeth shines out in the blend of strength and vanity. Dreadful to read of the exhausting preparations necessary at Elvertham when the Queen came visiting. The cooks set to work on snakes, adders, vipers, frogs, toads, and all kinds of worms in sugarwork; islands resembling a ship and fort and snail had to be set in the ponds in preparation for a water pageant (the snail was made of privet!). Elizabeth was met by six virgins, who preceded her to the house, strewing flowers before her horse, and singing of her beauty. The anxious Countess "most humbly on her knees welcomed her highness," who bade her rise up, and kissed her, "using manie comfortable and princely speeches." Ocean upon ocean of fulsome flattery appear to have been swallowed gratefully by a complacent sovereign.

Maids of Honour came, and Maids of Honour left, to become wives, mothers, and eventually grandmothers, but through all the changes Elizabeth remained resolutely the same, imagining herself young and immortal, ordering all mirrors to be destroyed. Her love for Essex, in all its sad futility, is sketched here, and we have a graphic extract from the pen of Harrington, describing the manner in which Elizabeth received the news of the riot led by the Earl. "She walks much in her privy chamber, and stamps with her feet at all news, and thrusts her rusty sword at times into the Arras in great rage."

Miss Wilson has been fortunate enough to secure for illustration photographs from paintings of the Maids of Honour, by permission of their owners, who are in many cases descendants of those ladies. They enhance the value of a bright and skilful bit of work. C. M.

RIVIERA TOWNS.

By HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS. (With illustrations by LESTER GEORGE HORNBY. 16s. (Hutchinson.)

From **The Bridge** FROM COLOUR DESIGN FOR WRAPPER

A novel by Marjorie L. C. Pickthall, which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing.

We were assured that this book was charming directly we set eyes on the delicate sketch of "the hill of Cagnes we could rave about," on the cover; surrounded by a border of gold. Dr. Gibbons here sets forth his impression of an exhaustive trip through the Riviera. He was fortunate enough to be accompanied by an excellent

artist. The two threaded their way through the high narrow streets with observant eyes. We who write have been long exiled from the happy land; but its sunny atmosphere is conveyed admirably in these pages, which are written in holiday mood. The book is divided into fifteen chapters; beginning with Grasse, and ending with Théoule. Writer and painter were inclined to enthuse about St. Paul-du-Var. Stopping in a fine fern-grown corner of tumbled houses, they spoke to an inhabitant, "We want to take away with us," I said, "a tangible memory of this beautiful, this picturesque, this verdant court, in which you live." "If *you* had to live here," she announced simply, "you'd want to go away and forget it." "Ah," commented the artist after the woman had carried her brazier indoors, "that woman must have a great view of the sea and the mountains. Is she going to watch the sunset? No; she is going to make soup for her man in a dark hole of a room, and feel sorry for herself because she doesn't live in Paris, where she could go to the movies every night!" One of the streets out of Vence is the subject of the prettiest of sketches—"down the broad road of red shale, past meadows thick with violets." Dr. Gibbons found Nice full of brightness and full of tragedy also. At Cannes he experienced a happy sense of space amongst the gardens. He knows that at dear Mentone the sun veils and unveils itself more often and more quickly and more unexpectedly than at any other Riviera place. But why did he not mention the brilliant, the unforgettable scarlet buoys, which float on the blue harbour of Villefranche?

THE CARPENTER AND HIS KINGDOM.

By Alexander Irvine. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)

Several years ago Dr. Irvine won an instant and sure success with his pictures of Irish life woven into the story of his own childhood in Antrim. It was to be expected that he would bring to the study of the life of Jesus his own very definite point of view, and arrange and interpret the facts from an ultra-democratic standpoint. Eschewing all attempts at chronological arrangement, he has brought together a couple of hundred cameos and etchings of Gospel stories and incidents, and roughly grouped them into seventeen chapters. Throughout the book we feel the throb and urge of a man who has suffered and bled, and thence springs both the strength and the weakness of his work. He knows and loves the poor so well that he cannot be just to one who lacks this hall-mark. He tears his way through to what he calls the naked facts, forgetful that the wrappings he thus scornfully discards are just as much facts of our poor human nature. When industriously working out a theology of his own he cannot withhold his gibes and girding at theologians in general. Nor is this a gibe in return, but just a reminder that those who patiently seek to understand what the Gospel *is* are co-workers with those who seek to bring its truth and power to bear directly on the life of their day. There are only too many occasions in this volume where his passionate hatred of humbug lead him into unadulterated bad temper, and John the Baptist degenerates into a pagan son of Boanerges anxious to start a fire. But—there is reason for his thunderings often when there is little reason in them.

From The Profiteers
By E. Phillips Oppenheim
(*Hodder & Stoughton*).

FROM COLOUR DESIGN FOR WRAPPER.

From The Restless Sex
By Robert W. Chambers
Published by Messrs. Appleton; now appearing with great success on the films in America and shortly to be produced in this country.

"MY LITTLE STEVE," HE WHISPERED.

WITH THE CORNWALL TERRITORIALS ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

By E. C. Matthews. 25s. (Cambridge: Spalding.)

Compiled from official records and other sources, one of those "other sources" being evidently Lieutenant Matthews's own experiences, this volume is one of those histories of certain units which, placed together, help to give an accurate impression of the larger operations of the whole army. It gives the movements of the 5th Battalion Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry during the war, clearly and vividly, with many a personal touch.

THE FLAMING FOREST.

By James Oliver Curwood. 7s. 6d.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

Mr. Curwood has realised the great truth that every mickle makes a muckle; he has a cunning knack of commencing his story in a perfectly ordinary way and gradually luring you into such a pleasant condition of mind that, starting with the solid fact that two and two make four, you are presently prepared to take your oath that when he says they make five he is quite right. Sergeant Carrigan is such a human, reasonable member of the Royal North-West Mounted Police that when, half-way through the

From The Flaming Forest
By James Oliver Curwood
(*Hodder & Stoughton*).

FROM COLOUR DESIGN FOR WRAPPER.

book, he suddenly knocks out, one after the other, two enormous men of incredible strength, with a dozen masterly blows, and goes off without a mark, you accept the statement cheerfully and read on in the hope that he will presently bite a buffalo to death or remove a mountain with the blade of his penknife. There is such a delightful atmosphere about "The Flaming Forest" that you surrender yourself happily to its charm. Mr. Curwood's descriptive writing is very fine and his drawing of his characters is careful. Perhaps he stretches the string of his bow, but not to breaking point, and after all, men—and women—never know of what they are capable until they are put to the test. I confess to something of a shock at finding a piano and cedarwood panelling in the cabin of a boat on a Northern river, but why not? Also the excellent choice of words of one or two of the characters surprised me at times. But I have not been to the far North-West and Mr. Curwood has. In any case I confess to a very pleasant hour or two spent in following the adventures of Sergeant Carrigan, and I hope that should I ever visit that far country he and his good friends will kindly entreat me and feed me on moose-steak and other good things that make the mouth water to think on. But I will not put on the gloves with the Sergeant—even in fun!

From Sandi, the King Maker
By Edgar Wallace
(*Ward, Lock*).

THE CARRIER PIGEON.

THE HOUSE ON THE BOGS.

By Katharine Tynan. 7s. (Ward, Lock.)

Miss Tynan's versatility is amazing. Her last story is as fresh and as entertaining as anything she has ever done.

From The Secret of the Sword
By Draycott M. Dell
In Jarrolds' New Warwick Reward series
One of the illustrations by Albert Morrow.

A CRITICAL MOMENT.

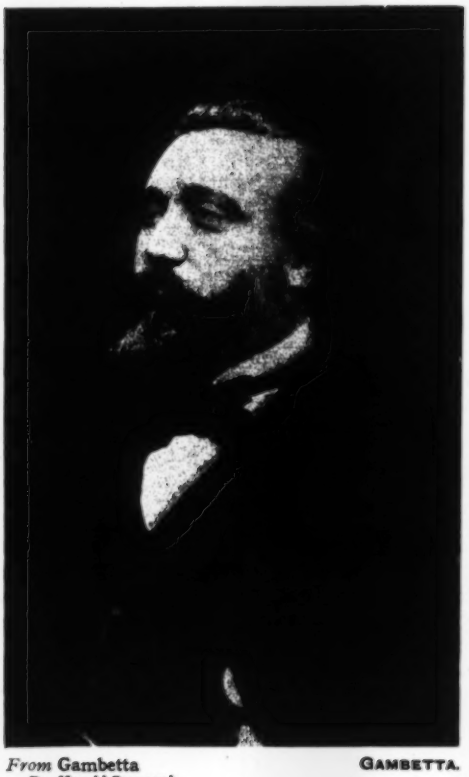
XUM

and has an air of ghostliness and mystery about it which helps it on its way. It deals with a lovely actress who, brokenhearted by her lover's desertion, retires to a house on the bogs, in Ireland. Of course, Miss Tynan is wise in keeping to her native land, known and understood so well. Miss Hamilton gradually slips under the influence of her two unscrupulous French servants, and when Doreen, the young girl heroine of the book, returns from her convent school, and seeks out her friend, she is horrified to find Miss Hamilton neglected and half crazy; starved and subdued. Doreen works wonders, aided by her delightful lover, Kit Lavery. The romance of these two youngsters is delicately and prettily told, and all ends in sunshine. The tale is unpretentious enough, but it is gracefully written, and holds the attention from beginning to end. Not such an easy thing to accomplish nowadays when readers are critical! We welcome this pleasant novel.

ODDLY ENOUGH.

By JOHN RESSICH. 7s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)

A collection of short stories and sketches, lively, sane and humorous. We hope Mr. Ressich will set to work on a complete novel, if he has not done so already. He has a quick, penetrating vision, and his comments are occasionally astonishingly good. One of the best impressions in the book is that entitled, "The Medical Board," which describes the wait of the wounded in the War Office for the Medical Board, which was to decide "how small a pension could decently be given." It was of course a tremendous wait. "With our fundaments over a hot pipe, and our heads in a draught, all through the long forenoon we sat in that draughty corridor. . . ." And on to the afternoon, till a special moment arrived. "A stir arose, and the click of typewriters died away. The noise of the opening and shutting of many doors was heard far and near. . . . The din increased. Boy Scouts and brown-smocked girls dashed about with trays and kettles. It was tea time in the War Office!" On the whole Mr. Ressich's war tales are better than the rest, but the entire book is extremely bright and readable, and his rendering of broad Scotch is excellent.



From **Gambetta** By Harold Stannard (*Methuen*). Reviewed in this Number. **GAMBETTA.**

From **The Home Life of Swinburne** By Mrs Watts-Dunton (*Philpot*). Reviewed in this Number. **SWINBURNE AT THE AGE OF FOUR.**

LADY AGATHA.

By BEATRICE CHASE. 7s. 6d. (Longmans.)

Miss Chase has made a wide circle of friends through her engaging and intimate volumes on Dartmoor. She thus addresses a set of indulgent readers in "Lady Agatha." She has written them a confidential introductory letter about the story, describing how it came to be published in the *Daily Graphic*, dwelling on the sympathetic pleasure shown over it by her household—the Lily Secretary, the Rainbow Maker, the Bluejacket, and the Soldier Man. It will appeal principally to schoolgirls. Lady Agatha herself is an impossibly sweet middle-aged woman, who is anxious that the young earl and the Lady Alys should marry. It is decreed in a will that, in order to inherit property, these two must wed. Of course the proud young girl is up in arms. The matchmaker contrives a plan. She persuades Alys to pretend to be some one else, she gets the earl to be known merely as "Lieutenant Trewithen." She throws the two together, they fall in love, unconscious that they are doing just the right thing; and Lady Agatha watches the declaration of affection through a slit in a curtain. This has a very tired ring about it.

CHASING AND RACING.

By HARDING COX. 12s. 6d. (The Bodley Head.)

Delightfully cheery; and written in a boyish, hearty way that makes it excellent reading. Lord Lonsdale, in a short Foreword, says—"I am sure your reminiscences will be most interesting, for nobody has a greater experience in all the sports of the world than you have, and whether you are the champion of the lot or not is to my mind a very small point. It is the interest people take, and their insight into the various branches that count." The whole volume tingles with enthusiasm; the author confesses that he has "strong yearnings" towards angling, rowing, acting, coursing, dog breeding and exhibiting, musical composition, hunting, billiards, and the more essentially sporting forms of shooting. He has a host of stories to tell, one of the best anecdotes of all being that in which he recounts the history of a bet. He was dared by a guest at his house (after he had boasted vaingloriously of the love his hounds bore him) "to go down to the kennels at that moment, boiled shirt, dinner jacket and all, walk right into the dormitory department, and sit down for ten minutes among the docile beauties without uttering a word." He did it, "Blossom, whose love for me was as that of a Juliet for her Romeo," recognised him; and all was safe. We have no space to describe the book in further detail; but it is one of the liveliest and most attractive of its kind. The best adjective for it is "genial."

Photo by Elliott & Fry. MAJOR HARDING COX.
Author of "Chasing and Racing" (*John Lane*).

LAST DAYS IN NEW GUINEA.

Being further experiences of a New Guinea Resident Magistrate.

By CAPTAIN C. A. W. MONCKTON, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S., F.R.A.I. 18s. net. (John Lane.)

Captain Monckton's latest book on New Guinea is as amusing and as instructive as his earlier one. It is not only a record of travel and of exploration in a comparatively unknown land, a collection of new tabus and sorceries ready for incorporation in "The Golden Bough," but the revelation of a very interesting character, a character in which humanity and strong common sense blend quite happily with a stark sincerity and a lively sense of humour. A land in which natives tired of life run amok in order to be killed, in which sorcerers indignantly refuse to plead "not guilty" to charges of altering the course of the moon, and in which the name of the big white man is never pronounced though his hair clippings are stolen for use in magical purposes, obviously requires as resident magistrate a man who acts honestly and walks warily. And Captain Monckton seems to be such a person; for he was so much loved and respected by the New Guinea people that he was adopted by them as a fellow clansman. His description of the Binander tribe as "a people who, though fierce, warlike cannibals, are also honest, truthful and moral to the last degree," is a good example of the Captain's excursions into gentle irony; while his pen-portrait of his intimate friend and best man, who, "despite his untarnished honour and strict integrity, had such a haunting fear that he might lean towards his friends that he always decided against them on principle and usually decided wrongly,"

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The House of Cassell

From **Q-Boats and their Story**
By E. Keble Chatterton
(*Sidgwick & Jackson*).

Q-SHIP "PENSHURST."

The 12-pounder gun is seen hidden in this dummy boat. The sides of the boat were movable.

gives an excellent idea of the author's capacity for more mordant expression. "Last Days in New Guinea" is indeed such a lively and appetising work that we sincerely trust it is only the second volume of a trilogy.

ENGLISH CHURCH MONUMENTS. A.D. 1150-1550.

By FRED H. CROSSLEY, F.S.A. 42s. net. (Batsford.)

This most beautiful book, with its many illustrations, carefully chosen and beautifully reproduced, is in itself a monument. Too much can hardly be said in praise of the artistic acumen and enterprise of the publisher in adventuring on such a work, and we can only be glad to see that a long list of subscribers printed at the beginning of the volume gives reason to hope that he will not be financially a loser. The making of the book is really excellent; if it has a fault it is that it is a little heavy to hold, but this can hardly be avoided when over 350 illustrations have to be included all on heavy art paper—so that the weight is due to its all round magnificence. The theme is a full and noble one—the tombs, monuments, effigies, and chantries which embellish and enrich the cathedrals and churches of England, and which were designed and set up during a period of 400 years, from the middle of the twelfth century to the middle of the sixteenth. These give an almost unique record of contemporary costumes, headgear, armour, weapons, of architecture in the designs worked out in the various memorial chapels and canopied tombs, which were built complete in themselves without reference to the architecture of the larger edifice within which they were placed; also the student of heraldry, of stone-craft, metal-craft, etc., may find here an immense mass of unimpeachable material. In short, in these memorials there is an epitome of much that was most characteristic in the mediæval life of the people of England. Mr. Crossley's text is adequate and judicious. He not only gives descriptions of particular monuments that find place among the illustrations, but he shows how they are linked with one another in the long evolution of the centuries, and also never loses sight of their rich connection with contemporary life. Already author and publisher have given us a similar volume on English Church woodwork and furniture for the same period, and intend to follow these up with volumes on post-Reformation Church woodwork and monuments, making a series equally valuable to the student and to the lover of English ecclesiastical art.

From **The Book of Woodcuts**
By C. A. Wilkinson
(*Methuen*).

LOWESTOFT DRIFTER.

GOD'S WAGES.

By OLIVE MARY SALTER. 7s. 6d. Collins.)

Miss May Sinclair has been showing her fellow craftsmen what can be done by a strict economy of words, and if "God's Wages" had been compressed into a third of its present bulk, the result would probably have been a novel of significance. Not that the volume is lengthy, as books go, but it is essentially a study of character, and, to be quite frank, we hear too much of the tiresome, ineffective husband, Richard, and his fluctuating relations with the lovely Anne who is the centre of the tale. Modern, restless Anne, with no scheme of life, but for her guide the overweening desire to fascinate men. She turns to lover after lover at last to find the one who truly loves her, the one who perceives her spiritual dearth. He said quietly, "I want you to love my mind that lives, instead of my body that will die . . . you won't come to it, as you'd come to my body." In the end a flood of sunlight pervades the turgid stuffiness of the atmosphere. Anne begins to hunger after the love beyond self, which is human companionship. This makes a happy close to a cleverly-written tale.

From **Q-Boats and their Story**
By E. Keble Chatterton
(*Sidgwick & Jackson*).

Q-SHIP "PENSHURST."

Showing how the concealed 12-pounder gun could be brought into action by removing the boat sides.

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NEW FICTION 7/6

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Mrs. Wharton follows "The Age of Innocence" with a full length story of the present day, which will add to her reputation as the foremost novelist of our times. Against the background of the great world of society she gives us a love story with a happy ending.

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mp

The merry flutes of Arcady are ringing in the morn,
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Oh! leave the tears of night behind and greet the flowers unfurled!"

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> "Pure lilies at her breast,
> and round her feet
> A little lily-dust of melting
> snows;
>
> * * * *
>
> She is so tired to-day,
> this bonny Spring
> That came to us with
> fragrance on her lips;
>
> * * * *
>
> And heavily on my
> responsive heart
> The burden of her
> lassitude is laid."

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> "Avenge, O Lord,
> Thy slaughtered
> saints, whose
> bones
> Lie scattered on
> the Alpine
> mountains
> cold";

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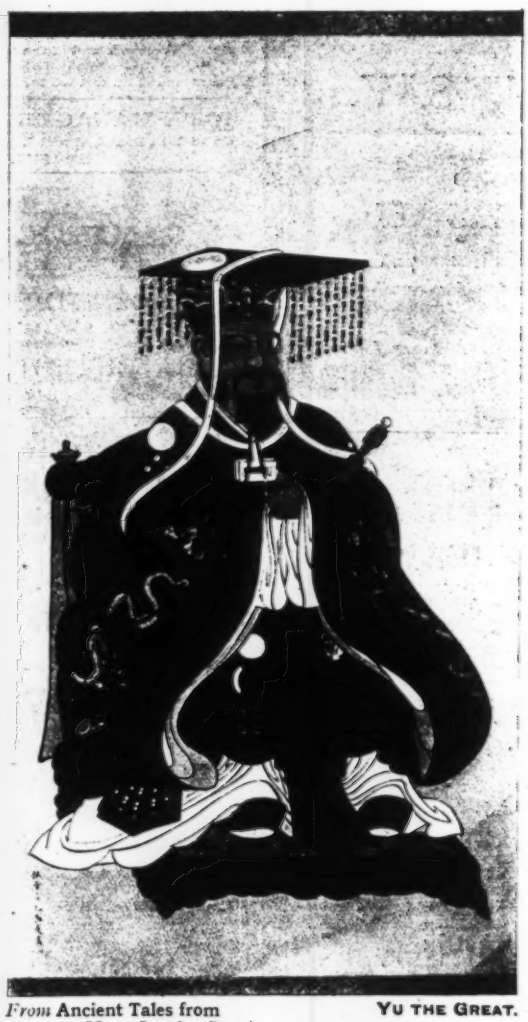

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